

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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NEW JERSEY.—THE STRANDING OF THE STEAMSHIP "PLINY" ON DEAL BEACH, MAY 13TH—BRINGING ASHORE THE PASSENGERS IN THE "BREECHES-BUOY."—FROM A SKETCH BY JOS. BECKER.—SEE PAGE 214.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

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THE RIVER AND HARBOR BILL.

WHEN Mr. Secretary Folger reminded Congress in his last Annual Report that the "too affluent" state of the Federal Treasury was an evil to be deplored, because it tended to "provoke to expenditure larger in amount than a wise economy would permit, and upon objects that would not meet with favor in a pinched or moderate condition of the Federal Exchequer," we thought of the confirmation which this remark was likely to receive when the River and Harbor Bill of the present session came to be reported. And now that the Bill has come, with appropriations reaching the aggregate of more than seventeen millions of dollars for the "improvement" of harbors, estuaries, rivers, creeks and creeklets in all parts of the country, we surmise that the taxpayers of the land are likely to have "a realizing sense" of the same useful truth in public economy.

The pending Bill defies analysis by reason of the jumble with which works of real and indubitable national significance are mixed and muddled in a strange legislative hodge-podge with works which are to the last degree provincial and insignificant. The President felt it proper, in view of the recent overflow of the Mississippi River, to make a special appeal to Congress in favor of giving national aid and supervision to the improvement of this great "inland sea"—to use the term of Mr. Calhoun—and the pending measure is abundantly liberal in this direction, for, including the appropriations made for the improvement of the navigation of the Missouri River, its principal affluent, the expenditure authorized under this head alone reaches the enormous aggregate of \$6,628,000, an amount largely in excess of the total expenditures authorized by the River and Harbor Bills of a former generation, even in the days when Congress was in the hands of the party supposed to be the most liberal on this score.

And perhaps the country, as things now go, ought to be grateful that the matter is no worse than it is, for it is but a few weeks ago that a pure and simple "Mississippi Improvement Bill" was introduced into the Senate which proposed to make an appropriation of \$15,000,000 for the repair and building of levees alone. Commenting on the debate had in that body on the merits and demerits of this special Bill, our naive contemporary, the New York Nation, felt called to say that the most noteworthy thing brought to light by the discussion was "the general abandonment by the Democrats, in this matter, of their old sensitiveness about State Rights." It has long been known that "the old flag and an appropriation" have a wonderful power to conciliate favor for measures which, in themselves considered, might be of very doubtful expediency and of much more doubtful constitutionality, and now it is observed that the propitiatory charm of an "appropriation" has reached even the "hide-bound" bosoms of the "strictest Constructionists," even when they come from that part of our country which has been traditionally supposed to be most addicted to the "Resolutions of '98" as the highest and last expression of political wisdom. Even when consistent Democrats like Mr. Senator Morgan, of Alabama, and Mr. Senator Bayard, of Delaware, refuse to apostatize from the faith and practice of the Democratic fathers under this head, it is cruelly insinuated that neither Alabama nor Delaware has any need for "levees," and that hence political orthodoxy costs nothing in those States.

It will not be disputed by any rational person that there are objects of internal improvement which may be justly placed under the protection and control of the Federal Government. Just as little will it be disputed by any rational person that there are limits beyond which this national protection and control should not go—that there are streams and creeks which have not the slightest pretense to come into consideration under the power of Congress "to regulate commerce"—streams and creeks which have never floated anything more than the flat-boats, scows and "pungles" of a purely local navigation. But while this distinction is patent in the abstract, we will defy anybody to find the traces of such a distinction in the concrete when a River and Harbor Bill comes to be digested under the modern dispensation. After due allowance made for works of admitted utility and constitutionality, the great residue of such Bills seems to be compiled on the worst theory of "log-rolling"; for, in the absence of such a theory, it is difficult to explain the presence of many of the provisions embraced in them, and still more difficult to explain the political combinations by which they are passed.

And we may be sure that the pending Bill will grow by accretion as it passes through the House, that it will gather an additional assortment of purring brooks ambitious to be converted into navigable rivers at the expense of the nation, as it passes through the Senate, and that in this exaggerated shape the prodigious measure will find its way to the White House and crave the signature of the President. This signature it will probably receive, on the ground that it contains good provisions enough to serve as a set-off against those which are of doubtful expediency and others which are positively bad. President Pierce is the only President who ever fulminated a veto against a River and Harbor Bill, and this, we opine, is a distinction for which he will not soon be likely to find a rival, whether Democrat or Republican may have a majority in Congress, and whether a Democratic or Republican President may have to sign the Bills which the people have to foot all the same.

THE CURE OF ILLITERACY.

NO intelligent and thoughtful citizen can look without alarm upon the statistics which reveal the appalling amount of illiteracy that prevails in many of the States of our Union. That ignorance so extensive is a source of danger to the republic is universally acknowledged and deeply felt; but there is, not unnaturally, a wide diversity of opinion as to the means that should be adopted for removing the evil. On the one hand it is affirmed that the responsibility for the illiteracy so much deplored and the duty of removing it rest exclusively upon the States; and on the other it is declared that the National Government is bound by a regard for its own permanent safety to assist in this good work. Thus the question stirs all the prejudices and passions that have grown out of conflicting theories as to the mutual relations of the National and State Governments.

We are among those who hold that the National Government should be exceedingly cautious as to undertaking any work likely to impinge upon the true functions of the States, and we acknowledge without hesitation that the duty of establishing and maintaining schools and colleges is not among those imposed by the Constitution upon the National Government. Just here, however, it seems to us, is solid ground for an important discrimination, the question being not whether the National Government shall assume the right to regulate educational affairs in the States, but whether it may not, without transcending its powers, assist the States in such educational work as is necessary to dispel the ignorance which is acknowledged to be perilous to its own safety. Cannot a way of doing this be devised which shall proceed upon the admission that the States are sovereign in this as in many other particulars, and that shall tend to foster rather than impair State pride and the sense of State responsibility? To us it seems clear that some such plan may and ought to be contrived and speedily executed.

It should be remembered that for much of the prevailing ignorance the National Government is in a high degree responsible, for it long connived at and fostered the institution out of which it directly grew; while for admitting this ignorance to the ballot-box its responsibility is unquestioned. The dangers growing out of this ignorance are in the highest sense national, and, therefore, it is the right and duty of the nation to aid in removing them, and this more especially because many of the States are too poor to cope with them. The bald literalism to which doctrinaires resort in defining the constitutional powers of the Government is most unreasonable. They insist that it can take no step, perform no act, assume no responsibility, for which the Constitution does not furnish an express and literal warrant. It can infer nothing from the nature of the powers directly conferred upon it; nothing from its own nature as a Government vital to the welfare of millions of people; nothing from emergencies which the framers of the Constitution did not and could not foresee. The extreme folly of this theory was illustrated by President Buchanan, who would not lift a finger to protect the Government against armed treason, because the Fathers, not anticipating a rebellion, had made no specific provision for its suppression. That folly was scouted by the loyal millions of the North and buried under an avalanche of contempt and scorn. It should have no resurrection. The National Government, in the nature of things, has power to defend itself against whatever imperils its life, and that power should be unhesitatingly and firmly exercised.

We cast no reproach upon the Southern States when we observe that their illiteracy is relatively much more extensive than that of any other section of the country, and this for reasons which need not be here mentioned; and as the remedy must be applied to the evil where it exists, and in due proportion to the dangers growing out of it, it follows that the larger part of any fund appropriated by Congress for this

object must be expended there. It has been proposed by some that it shall be divided among the several States in the ratio of their illiteracy, and that the States receiving such aid shall be required to raise by taxation certain sums in proportion thereto, to be devoted to the same object. The fund should, of course, be distributed under conditions carefully framed with a view to prevent the perversion or loss of any part thereof, and to make it operate as a stimulus to State action for the furtherance of the educational cause; and it should be understood from the beginning that the aid from the National Treasury is not intended to be permanent, but to bring the States that need it up to such a point of intelligence that they will no longer require such assistance. It seems to us that such help might be so bestowed and administered as to create and foster a sound public sentiment on the whole subject of education in the States where such a sentiment does not now exist.

One proposition before Congress is to appropriate to this object the money derived from the tax on whiskey. Another is to devote thereto the sum derived from the sales of the public lands. We confess it is not quite pleasant to think of associating education with whiskey-drinking, but if the Nation must derive a revenue from tipping, there may be a sort of poetic justice in appropriating it in such a way as most effectually to counteract one of the most prolific sources of pauperism, ignorance and crime.

The better course, however, for Congress to pursue would be to pass the direct proposition reported by the Committee on Education and Labor, to appropriate \$10,000,000 in aid of common schools during the next five years, the same to be apportioned among the States and Territories in proportion to their illiteracy.

THE PUBLIC FAITH.

THE Supreme Court of the United States, by a recent decision, interposed a barrier to repudiation schemes in the State of Louisiana, and it is now gratifying to observe that this defense of the public faith is finding an echo not only in the halls of justice, but in the halls of legislation. Upon the heels of the announcement that in the Circuit Court of the United States at Richmond an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States has been granted by Chief Justice Waite in the case of the "Coupon Kelle Bill, No. 1," comes the still more agreeable announcement that the Legislature of Tennessee, recovering from the confusion into which it was lately thrown by an untoward decision of the Supreme Court of the State, has just passed by a decisive vote, a new Bill settling the State debt at sixty cents on the dollar, and at three, four, five and six per cent. interest according to terms specified in the Bill, and according, we may add, to terms known to be an acceptable composition with the creditors of the State.

It is high time that these questions of public morality were taken out of politics, whether in Louisiana, Virginia, or Tennessee; and they can be taken out of politics only by being settled on the foundations of immutable and eternal justice, or by sinking the credit of the Repudiating State into a Dead Sea from which it will have small hopes of resurrection. The fate of Mississippi ought to be warning to any community which is tempted to commute public faith for exemption from taxation, and even in that State there is known to be a restlessness under the stigma placed upon its escutcheon by the sin of a former generation. It was upon this restlessness that Mr. Peabody shrewdly counted, with the instinct of a business man and financier, when he made such of the repudiated bonds of that State as he held a part of his otherwise munificent endowment of the cause of education in the South. He saw that no modern commonwealth can afford to rest permanently under such an incubus, and hence he opened for Mississippi a bridge by which it might escape from the shadow of Repudiation, while at the same time conferring a benefaction on her Southern sisters.

THE BALANCE OF TRADE.

ECONOMISTS now estimate that the extraordinary drought of last year caused a loss to this country of no less than \$750,000,000, and there is certainly reason to fear that this computation is substantially correct. One of the effects of such a deplorable disaster is the shifting of the balance of trade to the other side of the water. Within a week we have been obliged to send ten millions in gold to Europe, and it is estimated that fully twenty-five millions more will have to be exported before next Fall to liquidate our foreign debts. It has been generally understood here for some weeks past that only the easy state of the London and Continental money markets prevented extensive shipments of gold from New York, but even this reason is of no effect now, and cannot be, while rates for money are so low and legitimate trade and speculation is almost everywhere in such a

listless state. The sale here of American securities held by foreigners has helped to turn the scales against us, but in the main it has been the large importations of general merchandise which have done the mischief. This is the simple fact, which no refinements of finance can change. While our exports have decreased materially, our imports have shown a marked increase. For instance, the imports of merchandise for nine months have been \$527,232,125, against \$469,060,483 for a like period in the last fiscal year—an increase this year of \$58,171,000. The exports, on the other hand, have been but \$592,242,370, against \$703,901,273 for the same period last year—a decrease of \$111,658,000. Last year at this time we had a balance in our favor of \$235,000,000; whereas now, as we have shown, we are obliged to export gold. The decrease in the exports of broadstuffs alone during the last four months has been \$26,168,000, the shipments being \$45,402,000, against \$71,570,600 for the same period in 1881, notwithstanding the marked advance in prices during the present year. Then the cotton exports have decreased nearly one million bales during the present season. Our exports of provisions are as nothing compared with those of a few years ago, and petroleum alone of our leading exports has run ahead of the record of last year—in this case by an important item.

If these shipments of gold continue we must look for a steady advance in the rates for money here, and consequently more or less inconvenience to legitimate trade; though, as good usually accompanies the bad, the effect will also be to restrict speculative transactions. It is a little unfortunate that the moment our people find themselves more prosperous they should indulge in extravagant expenditures for European luxuries, instead of emulating the frugality of the nations of the Old World. Our imports last year were large enough, and even at those figures we might have held our own; but, instead, we have an increase of nearly sixty millions to meet.

How we shall stand later on depends, of course, upon the crops. They now promise to be large in almost every section of the country, and a return of heavy exports will soon change the aspect of financial affairs. Both Russia and India threaten to prove more formidable than heretofore in the grain traffic, but increased crops in this country will inevitably bring with them lower prices in our markets, and there will then be no reason why we should not again take our place at the head of this branch of international trade. In this case, and with the exports of other commodities, realizing the present expectations, we may expect to see the balance of trade once more in our favor.

THE IRISH SITUATION.

THE House of Commons was the scene last week of a violent contention between Mr. Gladstone and his opponents in reference to his alleged "compact" with the imprisoned Land Leaguers. Mr. Parnell, rising to a personal explanation, had read a letter written by him while in prison to another Home Rule member, in which he declared that the settlement of the question of arrears of rent, purchase and leases had become imperatively necessary, and that if this settlement were satisfactory it would enable the Irish party to show the small tenants that they were being met with justice and generosity, and so bring about a suppression of outrages and intimidation. Mr. Forster stating that the whole letter had not been read the member to whom it was written was called out and compelled to read the entire document, when it appeared that it contained an additional statement to the effect that if the reforms specified were made, the Land Leaguers "might act cordially with the Liberals in support of Liberal principles." This disclosure was greeted by an outburst of exultation on the part of the Opposition, who imagined that they saw in it conclusive proof of a bargain between the Government and Parnell; and Mr. Balfour, a Conservative, so far forgot himself as to say that the compact with the "suspects" was unexampled in infamy. This roused Mr. Gladstone to the highest pitch of indignation, and he declared, with passionate emphasis, that there was not a word of truth in the charge that a compact existed, and that such accusations were a disgrace to those making them. He had never had any communication with Mr. Parnell, and there had been no official communication or stipulations whatever. Mr. Chamberlain said, in further explanation, that when Mr. Parnell was released from prison he was absolutely unaware how the Government meant to deal with the arrears of rent and other questions. The Conservatives persisted in declaring their belief in a bargain, but the debate finally terminated without any further disclosures tending to confirm that belief. The truth seems to be that the Government having made up its mind to a change of policy, the release of the Parnellites followed as a logical incident; but the letter of Mr. Parnell, which had been shown to Mr. Forster, no doubt tended to confirm Mr. Gladstone's inclination to make a new departure.

The Arrears Bill was introduced in the Commons on the 16th instant. It applies simply to holdings under \$150 a year, and is to be administered by the Land Commission, which will be assisted by a county court judge, before whom the tenant will be obliged to prove inability to pay arrears. Where there



are three years' rent due, the State gives one year as a free grant, the landlord foregoes one year and the tenant must pay one, that being the necessary condition of the Act working at all. Mr. Gladstone expressed the belief that the amount which the Government will be required to contribute will not exceed two million pounds. The Bill will be stoutly opposed by the Conservatives, but as it has the approval of the prominent Land Leaguers, its passage cannot be regarded as doubtful. Its progress, however, will depend upon that of the Repression Bill, to which the Irish party vigorously object, being supported in their opposition by the Irish judges, who regard the proposed abolition of trial by jury as a proceeding full of danger to the judicial system. Mr. Trevelyan, the new Irish Secretary, in defending the new Act in the Commons, declared that the Government would not employ the power it confers against any constitutional effort to change existing institutions, but only against persons suspected of separatist tendencies or of encouraging agrarian outrages. The Bill subsequently passed its second reading by a vote of 383 to 46.

The search of the police for the Dublin assassins has so far been entirely fruitless. Lord Spencer, the new Lord Lieutenant, has announced his determination to pursue a vigorous policy in rooting out the lawlessness which has brought so many evils upon the Irish people.

### ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE crisis in Egypt has ended in the capitulation of the refractory Ministers, who threw themselves at the feet of the Khédive in abject submission and with vehement protestations of loyalty. This result was inevitable from the moment it became apparent that England and France would employ force, if necessary, to maintain the *status quo*. The refusal of the Notables to fall in with the schemes of Arabi Bey also operated, in connection with the firmness of the Khédive, to make any violent change in the administration impossible. The Khédive, undoubtedly, has the support of the country; and had the Ministry provoked a collision, the consequences to them would have been very serious. The presence of the English and French squadrons in the port of Alexandria occasioned considerable excitement among the people, which was, however, partly allayed by the announcement of the English Consul-General that no hostile purpose was entertained, and that no landing would take place unless the public security should demand it. It is stated that the Consuls will demand the disbandment of the army and the banishment of certain obnoxious officers; it remains to be seen whether the Sultan, whose suzerainty over Egypt is still a living fact, will tolerate intervention of this active sort, and if not, what, if any, complications will arise.

The Russian Minister of Finance does not, apparently, share in the prejudice against the Jews which controls Ignatieff and some others, and he has very properly threatened to resign if the proscriptive policy is persisted in. According to trustworthy data, the material damage done to Russia by the anti-Jewish movement, in the loss of houses, breadstuffs and other property destroyed, and money taken away by the emigration of Jews, already amounts to \$2,000,000. To this must be added the losses resulting from the prevention of labor and profit, not only of the Jews, but of others during the riots, and from the stagnation of trade generally, which would increase the total by many more millions. It is simply amazing that a policy which produces these disastrous results, to say nothing of its intrinsic cruelty and inhumanity, should for a single moment find supporters among Russian statesmen.

Affairs in Spain appear to be drifting towards new complications and a possible downfall of Premier Sagasta. The latest Cabinet difficulty grows out of Sagasta's opposition to the re-establishment of trial by jury and the adoption for some years of the proposed gradual reduction of tariff duties beyond the reforms already operated by the French treaty of commerce. On the first of these questions he has been abandoned by the Attorney-General, who seems likely to rally a very formidable following; and should the Premier insist on his measure for instituting oral and public trials, instead of accepting the jury system, he may so far alienate the confidence of his followers as to make his resignation unavoidable. The latest indications favor the belief that he will give way; indeed, it is probable that the Government will introduce at the next session a Bill establishing trial by jury and a new penal code framed on very liberal principles.

A step towards home rule has been taken by the supreme Government of India, which has just communicated to the provincial governments a resolution directing the establishment of boards throughout India for the management of local affairs, and ordering that the boards be elective wherever practicable. Why should not the same principle, in its broadest sense, be applied to Ireland?

The good news comes from Indian Territory that the loss of stock the past Winter has been but one per cent., that cattle were never in better condition at this stage of the season, and that they will reach the market a full month earlier than last year. The price of meat has gone on steadily rising until many people have been forced to stop buying it, and the present news from the West, with its promise of a change in the early future, will be welcome to all except the rigid vegetarians.

THE House of Representatives has at last passed the Bill to enable national banks to renew their charters, and there is no doubt that the Senate will concur. There was much ig-

norant and demagogic objection from the Democratic and Greenback ranks, but the good sense of the majority, recruited by an intelligent section of the minority, triumphed over all opposition. Only the blindest of Bourbons or the craziest of fanatics longer refuse to admit that the national bank system is the best which the country has ever known, and public condemnation would have been swift and severe if Congress had failed to provide for its continuance.

AN address has been issued to the people of Georgia by a committee of prominent Independent Democrats, urging them to support Alexander H. Stevens for Governor without reference to party. It is understood that while Mr. Stevens is personally averse to remaining any longer in public life, he will not feel at liberty to decline a call to the gubernatorial office should it be made by the people of the State with emphasis and substantial unanimity. The position would add nothing to the honors of his long career, but there can be no doubt that his elevation to the Executive office would be in every respect advantageous to the State of which he is the foremost citizen.

THE overflowing national Treasury continues to tempt Congress into all manner of reckless appropriations. In a brief half-hour the other day the Senate rushed through nine Bills appropriating \$2,275,000 for public buildings in nine cities, which are sure to cost a good deal more than the estimates, and followed up this action later the same day by passing what is known as the five per cent. Land Bill, which will take some millions from the public treasury for distribution among Western and Southern States. Meanwhile the House had passed in the space of three minutes a resolution appropriating \$16,000,000 to meet a deficiency for pensions in the current fiscal year. At this rate there won't long be any surplus in the treasury to quarrel over.

THE Greenback Party still maintains a struggling existence, and a convention was held in Pennsylvania last week which put a full State ticket in the field. A few years ago the organization was very strong in the mining districts, and it yet retains some influence in a few localities, but it has ceased to be an important factor in State affairs. Weaver, who some people may remember, ran for President as a Greenbacker in 1880, and De La Maty, the eccentric Indiana Methodist clergyman, who went half crazy on finance, profess to entertain hopes that there is a future for the party, but everybody with any political sense sees that its day is past. The success of resumption dealt Greenbackism a death-blow, and although breath still lingers in the body, the vital principle is all but extinct.

THERE is one defender of the spoils system who has the full courage of his convictions. Congressman Moore, of Tennessee, has just secured the removal of a poor widow—a granddaughter of Andrew Jackson's adopted son, by the way—from the clerkship in the Post Office Department which Grant gave her when he was President, solely on the ground that she sympathizes with the Democratic Party. Mr. Moore admits that the woman was personally as worthy as anybody for the place, but she "had been there long enough getting Republican pay," and ought to make way for somebody who sympathized with the dominant party. The Tennessee Congressman sneers at "civil service reform, so-called," but if he only knew it, he is doing more to help bring it about by such performances as this than many of its most devoted champions.

EX-SECRETARY BLAINE seems determined to be disobliging. For a fortnight past certain newspapers have persisted in declaring in the most positive terms that he had made up his mind to run for Congress from Maine, with a view of becoming Speaker of the House, and so resuming his old leadership in his party; and all manner of prophecies have been indulged in as to what might be expected to happen in the event he should thus return to active public life. These statements have been so emphatic that nearly everybody has come to believe in their truth; but it now appears that they have no foundation whatever. Mr. Blaine having informed his friends, who are personally interested in the Maine Congressional campaign, that he has never thought of becoming a candidate from that State, and does not intend to do anything of the sort. The newspapers, evidently, will have to invent some other method of disposing of the Maine statesman.

ROWDYISM has become altogether too prevalent among American colleges of late, but it may be hoped that the limit has been reached in a performance reported from the Northwest last week. Some students at the Minnesota State University went beyond the bounds one night, and were followed by the Faculty. One of the delinquents, finding two professors close on his heels, turned and displayed a revolver, whereupon one of the pursuers drew a pistol in turn and fired, the shot taking effect in the student's leg, but fortunately not inflicting a serious wound. The glimpse thus afforded of University life in the West is rather startling and not especially reassuring. That a hot-headed youngster should be found to have thus utilized his hip-pocket is not so surprising, but the public scarcely supposed that the average professor would prove so handy with the pistol. The resemblance of the whole affair to an ordinary encounter between the police and a gang of hoodlums is altogether too suggestive.

CONGRESSMAN LYNCH, of Mississippi, General Chalmers's colored successor in the House, has

very appropriately introduced a Bill to prevent those election frauds from which he has suffered in common with so many other candidates for office in the South. It provides for the appointment of two Federal supervisors for each political party at each voting place in an election for Congressman, who are to organize as a board and hold the election in case the State officers fail to do so, such failure having become a favorite device for suppressing Republican majorities in precincts where that party largely outnumbers the Democrats. Safeguards are also provided against various other ingenious methods adopted by the cunning minority to cheat the majority out of their rights. Some Southern Democrats—not all, as we believe—will doubtless protest loudly against such interference, but the party has only itself to blame for inviting it. The people of this country are determined to have fair elections, and the party which opposes reasonable efforts to secure them makes a fatal blunder.

THE "courtesy of the Senate" has received another heavy blow in the confirmation of Mr. Roland Worthington as Collector of the Port of Boston. Mr. Worthington was opposed by both the Massachusetts Senators, who construed his nomination as a personal affront, and had the notion that the representatives of a State have the right to dictate who shall hold its Federal offices exercised supreme control over the Senatorial mind, he would have been ignominiously rejected. That idea, however, not being paramount, Mr. Worthington was confirmed by a vote of thirty-eight to fourteen. Had Messrs. Hoar and Dawes been persons of the heroic Conkling mold they would, of course, have resigned immediately, and with magnificent disdain, but they seem to have no proper feeling of self-respect, and still occupy their places, just as if no "insult" had been put upon them. President Arthur, no doubt, relishes his victory none the less because he was a year ago laboring vigorously at Albany and Washington, to vindicate "the Senatorial courtesy" which he now treats with contempt.

THE evil of absenteeism in Congress is on the increase, and has already reached serious proportions. Some members of the House visit Washington so seldom, and stay so short a time when they do visit it, that it becomes a mystery why they care to be elected, except for the pleasure of seeing an "Hon." prefixed and an "M. C." added to their names. Many others think nothing of taking frequent and prolonged vacations during the session, and devoting this time, which they are paid for giving to the public business, to their own private affairs. When the dominant party has but a narrow majority, as is now the case with the Republicans, this wholesale absenteeism enables the minority to prevent legislation whenever they choose to refrain from voting, which leaves the Republicans without the requisite quorum. The majority have already suffered more than once in this way, and unless there is an immediate and radical reform, the passage of important measures may be prevented solely by Republican remissness. There is but one cure for the disease, and it should be rigorously applied: it consists in a refusal to re-elect a Congressman who can't or won't attend to the public business.

THERE is balm in Gilead! England has already commenced to wipe her eyes and smile through her tears like a sunbeam in showers. "Le Roi est Mort! Vive le Roi!" Jumbo is dead, long live Cetewayo! It is true the ex-Zulu King, who is to be brought over, is not quite so big as the elephant; but, then, as the London World remarks, he is much blacker, which is a great thing. He will arrive at an opportune moment. The London season in full swing and wanting a sensation!—Jumbo departed, and a something required to fill the gap! Cetewayo will have a good time. This South African Othello will find Deademonas willing to love him for the dangers he has passed, while the old ladies of Exeter Hall will provide him with tracts and pocket-handkerchiefs *galore*. Society will be at his feet; he will be fêted, petted, pampered and caressed; dance music will be composed in his honor, and garments named after him. He will be led from meetings in aid of the heathen to state concerts at Buckingham Palace; he will be stared at and mobbed, while thousands will pay their shillings to behold him enjoying the glories of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. In this lion will the elephant be merged, and Jumbo forgotten in Cetewayo.

PROFESSOR KING, the Philadelphia aeronaut who was lost so long in the Wisconsin woods after an ascension last Fall that everybody gave him up for dead, meditates the ambitious scheme of trying to cross the Atlantic in a balloon. He is convinced that there is a strong atmospheric tendency eastward, and believes that a balloon kept at an elevation of about half a mile would be irresistibly carried from this country to Europe. His theory is that a very large balloon, such as he is now constructing, can be maintained at such an elevation by means of a drag-rope 5,000 feet long, which would prevent its rising too high when the sun shines and the gas is expanded, and falling too low when the gas is contracted by cold, the rope being then buoyed by the water. But, although Professor King feels confident of the success of such an experiment, he makes the discouraging confession that few people, who have carefully studied the subject of aerial navigation, now believe that balloons can ever be made available for purposes of passenger or freight traffic. The dream of traveling through the air is one which the world will not willingly abandon, but it must be confessed that it appears very little nearer realization now than it did a century ago.

### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

#### Domestic.

THE Yale Theological Seminary has adopted the revised version of the New Testament.

THE Indiana Democratic State Convention has been called at Indianapolis, August 24.

THE New York Senate has passed a Bill appropriating \$1,000,000 more for work on the new capitol at Albany.

THE musical festival at Cincinnati last week was a great success, both from the artistic and the financial point of view.

A FIRE at Leadville, Col., May 19th, destroyed \$200,000 worth of property, and two persons were burned to death.

A GENERAL order has been issued from the War Department instituting competitions and prizes for marksmanship in the army.

THE coal miners' strike in the Cumberland (Md.) region still continues, while business to a large extent is almost paralyzed in that section.

A SERIOUS fight is reported to have occurred a few weeks ago among the white miners up in Alaska, during which several were killed.

GEITAU has written another letter asserting that he is in the protection of the Almighty, and that if he is hanged a judgment will fall on the country.

THE Pennsylvania Greenbackers last week nominated a State ticket headed by Thomas A. Armstrong for Governor, and adopted the usual platform.

DR. HENRY W. KENDALL, of Rochester, N. Y., was shot and fatally wounded one night last week while attempting to rob a grave in order to secure a "subject."

THE long investigation into the financial affairs of Arkansas has resulted in showing a deficiency of \$114,000 in the Treasurer's accounts and \$20,000 in the Auditor's.

THERE were 116 failures in the United States during the past week, a decrease of two from that of the preceding week, and thirteen more than in the corresponding week of last year.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT has again illustrated his generosity by the gift of \$50,000, in Government bonds, to the widow of Captain De Long, the ill-fated commander of the *Jeannette*.

THE Legislative Committee charged with the investigation of the charges of cruelty in the treatment of inmates of the Elmira (N. Y.) Reformatory, has reported that the charges are not sustained.

NEARLY all the depositors and stockholders of the broken Mechanics' National Bank of Newark, N. J., have been paid. The total amount paid out thus far is about \$750,000 and the number of checks was nearly 500.

THE Chinese workmen on a railway in New Mexico were attacked by a mob recently, and the superintendent of construction was hanged to a telegraph-pole until he promised to discharge all the Mongolians in his employ.

A NEW charter for New York city has been introduced in the State Legislature. It abolishes all the city commissions, giving each department a single head, elective, with the Mayor and Comptroller, by popular vote, for terms of two years.

THE Rev. Dr. Newman Smyth has declined the offer of Andover's trustees to deliver a course of theological lectures at the seminary. Negotiations have been reopened by the trustees with a view of giving him an entirely new position in the college.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR is fond of an occasional outing, and one day last week made a pleasant excursion to Harper's Ferry with two of his Cabinet and some other friends, doing a little business at the same time by inspecting the Government property there, which it is proposed to sell or lease.

AMONG the bequests of the late ex-Governor G. C. Washburn, of Wisconsin, are one of \$50,000 for a public library at La Crosse, and another of \$375,000 for a memorial orphan asylum at Minneapolis as a tribute to his mother. The estate is valued at \$2,500,000, and the bequests aggregate over \$500,000.

THE Presbyterian General Assembly convened at Springfield, Ill., on the 15th instant. Next year's meeting will be held at Saratoga. The Assembly of the Southern Presbyterian Church met last week at Atlanta, Ga., and the General Assembly of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church at Huntsville, Ala.

PHILADELPHIA had a curious wedding last week, when an Englishman was married with much pomp to a mulatto, the ceremony being performed by a bishop of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, assisted by two ministers, one of whom, by-the-way, recently married a Chinaman and an Irishwoman in this city.

THE one hundred and seventh anniversary of the Declaration of Independence made by the citizens of Mecklenburg County, N. C., on May 20th, 1775, was celebrated last week, the festivities beginning with a military display on Thursday and closing with addresses by Senator Bayard, Vance and Ransom on Saturday.

THE Star Route cases came up in the Washington Court again last week, when the missing John W. Dorsey appeared and pleaded not guilty, but further proceedings were postponed pending the action of the Grand Jury in the case of M. C. Bordell. He having been again indicted, together with Brady and the Dorseys, the trial will now go on.

THE wife of Engineer Melville of the *Jeannette* says that she saw a vision and heard the voice of her husband saying, "The *Jeannette* is lost," at just the hour, on the morning of June 11th last, when the vessel went down. She never expected his return after that until the good news came last Winter that he was still alive and ready to search for his missing comrades.

#### Foreign.

THE coronation of the Czar is now fixed for September 6th.

THE German South Polar Expedition, now at Montevideo, will be taken to the island of South Georgia in July.

MR. SARGENT, United States Minister to Germany, presented his credentials to the Emperor William last week.

SIX thousand Swedish and Norwegian emigrants passed through Hull, England, in two days last week, on their way to America.

LIEUTENANT DANENHOWER and three other survivors of the *Jeannette* expedition, sailed from Liverpool for New York on the 18th instant.

IT is stated that there is a serious strain on the finances of the Land League on account of the number of evicted tenants whom the League has to support. A new detective force is to be organized in Ireland.

IT is reported that the Black Division section of the Nihilists has amalgamated with the "Will of the People" section, as it is impossible to carry on a peaceful propaganda owing to the vigilance of the police. It is said that riots have broken out among the peasants in Southwestern Russia. They demand a redistribution of the land.



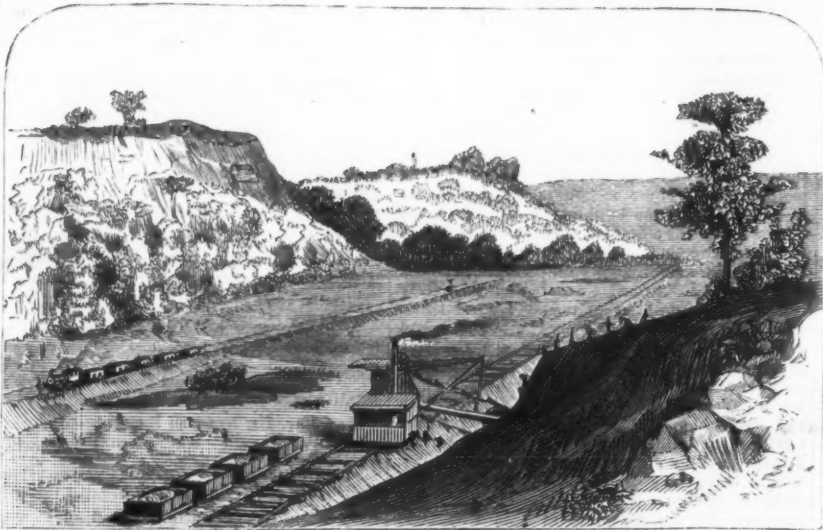
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 215.



NICOLAI GIER, THE NEW RUSSIAN PRIME MINISTER.



GERMANY.—THE NEW CONCERT HALL IN THE CITY PARK, CARLSBAD.



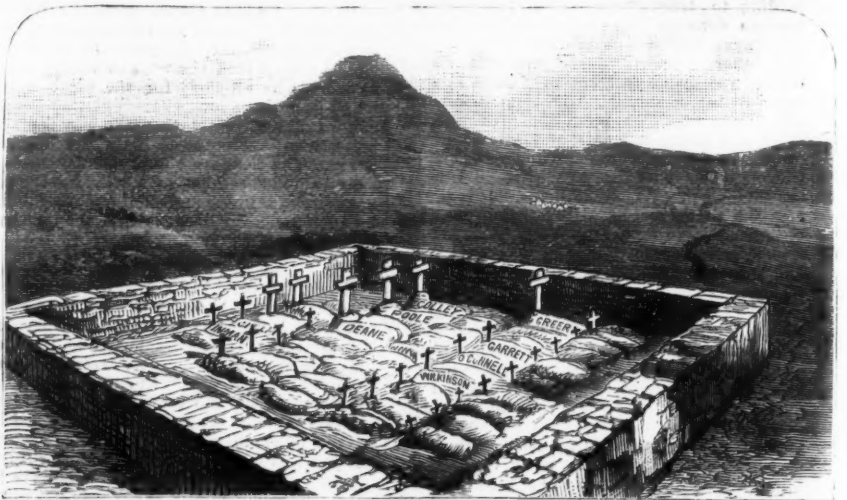
THE PANAMA CANAL.—VIEW OF THE WORK OF EXCAVATION AT MONKEY HILL.



GREAT BRITAIN.—FUNERAL OF THE LATE CHARLES R. DARWIN IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



GREAT BRITAIN.—THE RECENT ROYAL WEDDING—THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.

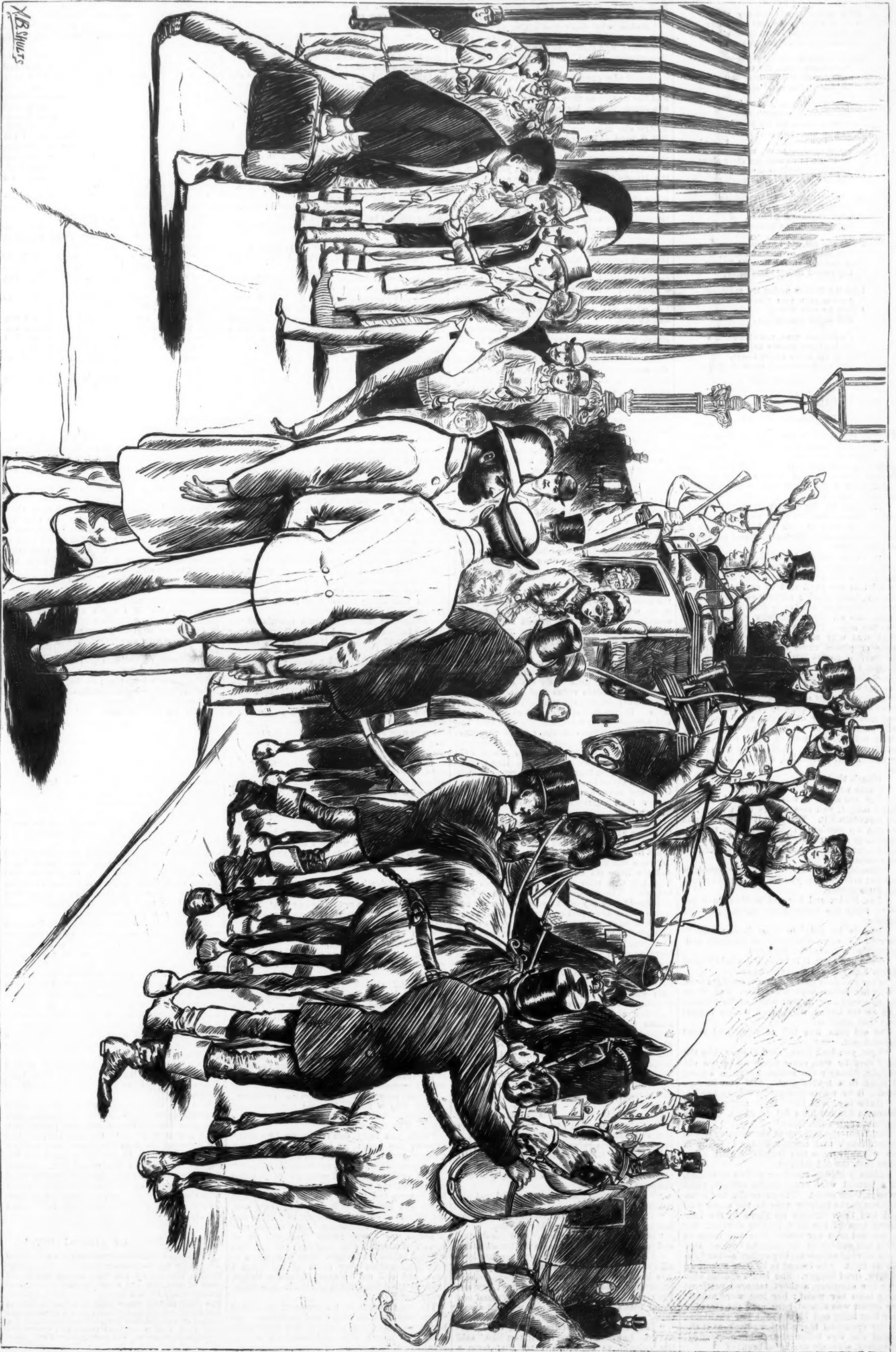


THE LATE TRANSVAAL WAR.—BRITISH CEMETERY NEAR MAJUBA MOUNTAIN.



THE INSURRECTION IN HERZEGOVINA.—PRISONERS TAKEN BY THE AUSTRIANS AT ARAHOWAC, IN THE FINAL CONFLICT.





NEW YORK CITY.—RENEWAL OF THE COACHING SEASON.—PREPARING FOR THE START FROM THE HOTEL BRUNSWICK TO PELHAM BRIDGE.—FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 316.



## "MAI-LIED."

UP in the far blue silence  
The wild birds soar and sing;  
Do they know the secret of sorrow  
That stirs and sighs in Spring?

Down in the moist, dark places  
The violets break the mold;  
Do they dream of a sadness and wonder  
As vast as the world is old?

The river sighs, as it passes,  
The same unwritten strain;  
Each wave takes up the burden  
Of that minor-song of pain.

There is no voice to tell me  
What the birds and the river sing;  
No language breathes the longing  
And the mystery of the Spring.

But, borne on wind and sunshine  
Through all the long, still hours,  
Written across the sunsets,  
Unfolding in the flowers,

I find the old, old burden,  
The longing so vast and deep,  
That through all the days of Winter  
Lay locked in my heart asleep—

Like the flowers under the snowdrift—  
A pulse each year renewed—  
A pain for ever living,  
And never understood!

And wind, nor wave, nor cloud-drifts  
To me their answer bring—  
Why, of all life's heavy hours,  
The saddest should come in Spring!

## "COLORADO MADGE."

By JOAQUIN MILLER.

THE sharp silver horn of the clear curled moon—hanging so low in the marvelous sky of Colorado. It seemed you might tiptoe up and touch it from the hilltop—slid hastily down behind Pike's Peak on this evening, as if it did not like to see what was about to happen.

This was in the earlier days of Colorado, when miners slept on their newly-discovered claims. A wall of rock and debris from the mine made a sort of fortress against the savage and the storm.

This mine here at Boulder Cañon was a new discovery—the richest, the most marvelously rich that ever yet had been found. But as all this has been said of nearly every discovery, these glaring adjectives add but little to the outline of this crude little sketch. This claim, like all other fearfully rich ones, was also for sale. That was why it was so rich. That was why all sorts of people from all sorts of places came straggling in through the narrow passes left in the walls to where Colonel Bill Williams and his friends grouped about their pine-knot fire under the stars of Colorado.

Old Kit, the last of the trappers, a withered, dried-up old man, ready to blow away like a leaf into the river of death—a man who had held possession of all this land of gold long years before—sat moodily aside smoking his last pipe of tobacco. Suddenly he started up, or rather half-undoubtedly, with his hand to his ear.

"What's that?"  
"Guess you've got 'em agin, Kit."  
"Got 'em agin? It was a woman, I tell you. But I forgot, you new fellows can't hear like old Mountain Kit. Yes, that it is agin! Injin women up yonder! Injin women in trouble. Somebody's after 'em," muttered the old man, as he again doubled up and silently sucked his pipe-stem.

"Shouldn't wonder. Snagly, the agent, is red-hot after Madge, you know," squeaked out the little doctor.

"Yea, Madge and her old mother have got away from the Reservation again," growled Ginger.

"And is he goin' to take Madge back?" queried Kit, sympathetically, as he again half-undoubtedly and shuffled forward.

"Take her back, if it takes the whole United States Army," said Ginger, savagely.

"Poor gal, poor gal!" mused the old trapper. "Why her father, boys, was white. Yes, white as—as well now, he was white as the whitest. And as for Madge, why, she's whiter herself than that agent is."

The old man was full of rage, and stood almost erect.

"Now, you look here," and Ginger, like the bully that he was, came close up to the old trapper, "Snagly the Indian agent, is a pard of mine in a tradin' post. And you just go slow. If he wants that gal he'll have her."

"Have her, will he? Well, not while old Mountain Kit can lift a flat, he won't. Now, do you just stick a pin there."

But, from the manner of the miners, it was clear enough that neither Madge nor any of her unhappy race had friends in that camp other than the old trapper.

Suddenly Madge stood, or rather crouched, as a hunted wild beast might crouch, right there in their midst. Of course she had come in through the narrow pass in the stone wall that had been thrown up there by the long strong arm of the now resting derrick, but no one had seen her enter. She had come as silent and sudden as the moon had gone. Her limbs were as supple as the panther's—her foot-fall as light. She looked to be only a waif—a hungry, tired beggar. She had a spotted skin over her shoulder, a short, tattered petticoat hung from her waist; her feet were naked; her breast was almost bare, save the storm of hair that hung and blew about her shoulders as she crouched there looking back, as if she feared she was followed, trembling, starting, quivering, scarcely daring to breathe.

"Hello, Madge, what's the row now?"

The girl did not answer. The stern and un-

friendly voice of Colonel Bill Williams and the half sneer on the faces of all showed her at a glance that she had not fallen among friends.

"Madge, why don't you claim to be white and stay with the whites? You have a right to do that, and then they can't take you to the Reservation at all," added the colonel, more kindly.

Should she open her proud lips to utter the scorn she felt for a race who could treat her and her people as they were treated? Should she stoop to say, My mother is starving up yonder on the rocks only a stone's throw away, where she is hiding from the man-hunters? Did it need any words to tell these men that she would live or die with her mother and her mother's people?

"Say, Madge, you could get a job down at the Hurdy Gurdy House to sing and dance if you'd claim to be white; then you could get some clothes," urged the colonel, as he looked at her thin, bare arms, while she still stood trembling, looking back listening, her nostrils extended, her pale lips set in silence.

Ginger, meantime, had risen and moved cautiously around towards the door or entrance through the great high stone wall, and before she could guess what it meant, he stood between her and her beloved mountains. She was a prisoner. The hard, merciless man laughed wickedly as he threw his strong arm before her when she was about to spring past him and escape.

She had not spoken yet. But now she turned about, half-threw up her hands in sign of submission, and for the first time stood erect.

She was tall, and, had she not been starving, she would have been strangely, savagely, fearfully beautiful. Had she been well clad and cared for, she would at that moment have looked the royal princess in body that she was in soul. But this wild rose, set thick with thorns, was only a bud that perhaps would never blossom.

These men all had seen her before. This cañon, this land, these mountains were her home, her inheritance. She had played when a child with the shiny bits of gold and silver that these strong men were going mad over now. Her people had galloped their horses over all this gold for a thousand years. But now the white man had come and was digging, digging, digging everywhere—digging graves for body and for soul.

Yes, all these men knew Madge very well—her pride and her recklessness. Not a man there that did not know how imprudent was this girl's virtue, how she scorned and despised them every one, too.

Ginger sat himself down on a rock near by the pass in the wall and waited for Snagly, the agent, whom he knew was after her and would soon be there. The girl moved about the inclosure dimly lighted by the flaring pine knots, but did not speak. This was a wild beast that had been caught in a cage. She was gliding about as if to try the bars, to see how to escape from the cage. At last her eyes fell on a little uncovered tin bucket back among the buffalo robes and blankets. She leaned over cautiously and looked at its contents. It was full of provisions—sandwiches and a roast fowl for somebody's supper. The girl glanced up towards the rugged mountain above her. Then she measured the height of the stone wall before her. Her black eyes gleamed with a terrible purpose. Her mother was starving up there. She was going to steal this, leap up and over that wall like a starving wolf and save her mother, who would die rather than surrender and go back to the Reservation.

Old Kit, bent, broken, helpless, had sat all this time back obscurely in the corner; but his eyes, his every sense, had followed and understood her. He came out from his place and sat between the flaring and fitful pine-knot light and the little tin bucket. But how could he help her, this man who could not even help himself? The girl did not seem to notice him, or indeed to see any one now. She stretched her long slender arms just once, as if to make certain that they were free: she drew the thong that girdled her a little together, put the storm of midnight hair back a little from about her piercing eyes, and that was all. She had not spoken one word. She had not even deigned to look at the man who sat keeping watch at the narrow little pass through the great ugly wall. Only old Kit seemed to suspect her purpose. The miners talked in little groups together about their mines. They had forgotten the girl was there. At length she seemed ready. She threw her hand up to her ear as if listening, looked up the ugly cliff above her where her mother was hiding and starving, looked hard at the steep and savage stone wall before her, and then darting down like a hawk she caught up the little bucket and leaped across the open space at a bound and on up the stone wall.

Up, up! She stops. It is too steep for her falling strength. The jagged quartz cuts her feet and hands till the white wall of rock is red. Her hands relax their hold on the sharp rock, and she falls back bleeding and bruised at the very feet of the man who had sprung forward from where he was keeping watch at the pass in the wall.

"Now, what do you mean?" called out the colonel.

"Told you so!" shouted Ginger, as he took her by the hair and forced her to rise.

"Injins will be Injins, boys," said the doctor, and he picked up and set aside the little bucket.

"Now, I guess you'll help me keep her here till Snagly comes, won't you? I seed you fellows lookin' dark at me as I sat there, you in particular, colonel. Well, now, don't you see I'm right. Injins is Injins. It's the cussed bad blood that's in 'em. The Injin will out every time."

"Yes, send the little cuss back to the Reservation. Let Snagly have her if you like," said the colonel, as he brushed the dirt from a bruised knee and limped around to the other side of the fire. For he, too, had sprung up

and tried to reach the girl when he saw her about to fall. But whether to help or harm was not certain to any one.

At mention of the Reservation the girl became wild and desperate. She threw herself imploringly before the strong, bearded colonel, and lifted her face as in piteous prayer.

"Well, what did you go and steal for?"  
Still the girl did not speak. But now she could not lift her face. Her eyes fell to the ground, and she stood mute, motionless—all bowed and broken before him as he accused her.

"Madge, if you hadn't stole my dinner; if you hadn't done that, Madge, I'd let you go. Yes, I would; hang it, gal, I'm sorry for you; yes, I am, and if you hadn't stole that little bucket, my gal, I'd a chucked that Ginger out of that door before two minutes more and let you go; yes I would, Madge. But you see now I can't, for you've stole."

The trembling old trapper staggered forward, and, standing between, cried wildly:

"She didn't steal! I stole it and I giv it to her."

"What, you—yon, honest old trapper Kit?"  
"Yes, I—I old trapper Kit. Now let her go, won't you?"

"Yes, I will. Go, gal," and the man pointed to the pass in the ugly wall.

Just as he spoke there was a rattle of boot-nails over the boulders in the little narrow pass, and Snagly, the Indian agent, followed by an officer of the United States Army, and two men, with manacles at their wrists, entered the little inclosure. The Indian agent—the man-hunter, with the United States Army at his back—stopped there and glared at her. The girl lifted her face now in silent petition to every man there. One after one, as her eyes met theirs, they turned away without a word, shaking their heads sullenly. Three centuries of hatred towards the Indian was in their blood.

"Caught at last, eh?" triumphantly chuckled the Indian agent, as he at length came forward, followed by the men with manacles at their waists. He stood before her, gloating at her utter discomfiture and helplessness. Now she should be his—his at last, body and soul.

She stood up, tall no longer. Her eyes had lost their lustre, her long, bony arms hung down, low down, tired, so tired now. Her magnificence of hair mantled her. Her breast lifted a little. That was all. What could she have been thinking about?

The fire burned low at her feet. The stars above her—every one—came out, stealthily, as it were, on tip-toe and peeped through the keyholes of heaven to see what the United States was doing there now under the vast free skies of Colorado.

"Caught at last, eh?" again ejaculated the brutal Indian agent, as he took one step nearer to the trembling child, as if about to lay hold of her.

"Caught, caught! Why, mon, you speak of her as if . . . e were a dog for the pound." The brawny Scotchman who said this had just unrolled himself from a pile of blankets back under the other wall, where he had taken shelter after a hard day's digging. He was a foreigner, and of a race slow to comprehend. He was now for the first time, since the fugitive had entered the inclosure, getting pretty well awake.

The agent only looked at the stranger and then motioned his men to approach. The officer, who evidently did not like his work, was slow to obey his master, the Indian agent.

"Oh, save me from that man—from that man of all!" at last cried the girl, throwing herself before the kindly officer. "I will die rather than be taken. Oh, you did save me once. You did help me once to escape—"

"Quiet! You will betray me and ruin all. I dare not help you, Madge, where the agent is."

"But it is death to be taken. Oh, it is more than death!"

"Well, now, it is not so bad as that, Madge! If Snagly wants you, you go back," said Ginger, familiarly coming forward.

"But see how she trembles. This will kill her," protested the officer.

"Oh, she's just making out! Say, where did you sleep last night?" called out the red-headed ruffian.

The girl shrank from the monster and crouched before the stranger, as if he could help her. Then, turning to the ruffian, she cried, as she threw her long, bony arms in the air, and pointed to the rocks above:

"Where was I last night? Up yonder on the high, rocky ledge, with my poor starving mother, hiding! hiding! hiding from him and his men! And there were rattlesnakes there in the rocks, rattling and hissing all night as we lay crouching, hiding, starving!"

"Poor, poor lass!" muttered the foreigner.

"Oh, why is this? You all can come and go at will. But I—I am hunted down like a wolf. Why is this?"

"Bah, you Injin. don't take on like that," sneered the agent, as he again approached.

"Come, your mother must go back to the Reservation. Don't you want to go back, too?"

"I'd rather die!" and with an instinct that saw something kindly in the face of this quiet but determined foreigner, she turned to him again and pleaded, "Oh, sir, long ago, my father lived and was rich in horses and gold in yonder mountains—long, so long ago, it seems, for I was happy then, and oh, so wretched now! Long, long ago, and he loved me, and called me Margie. But now, down at that Reservation they mock at me when I pass, and call me 'Madge, Colorado Madge, Injin Madge.' Oh, I could kill them—kill them, every one!"

The Indian agent in the name of the United States was growing angry and impatient. He began to fear that possibly this girl might move this man's pity, and somehow at last escape him. He advanced closer, and roughly laid hold of her shoulder.

"Come, come now, I want to be gentle with

you. But, remember, I am your lawful guardian, and I must take you back. Come, go back peacefully under my protection."

The girl sprang from him and threw back her hair. Her whole form shook, but it was not with fear now.

"Your protection! Your protection! What is it? To see my mother's people sick and perish on the deadly Reservation with only the Great Spirit to heed or to pity them? To see a race of warriors die in savage silence while your Great Father at Washington, and his chiefs about him, hug themselves in happiness and boast to the world of peace and prosperity in the land? Your protection! What is it? To see little children starve that you may grow rich? To see helpless women debased? To bear your insults, your persecutions? Yours, yes, yours! No! no! I'd rather live with the rattlesnakes!"

"Now, look here, none of that! Remember I don't take one more word of insult. So come. And come right along now."

The brute clutched her thin shoulder angrily, and threw her towards the two men with the manacles as he spoke.

But the girl sprang back to the side of the stranger, and, half hiding there as the agent again attempted to take her, cried out in her desperation:

"Don't you touch me! Don't you dare to touch me, or I will kill you!"

"Nae, don't you touch the lass! Don't you dare to touch her! If you do, begad, sir, I'll—" The mighty fist was in the air, but he was too angry to finish the sentence. He did not want to talk now. He wanted to fight.

Snagly, the Indian agent in the name of the United States, fell back before the lifted fist of this foreigner and the gleaming eyes of the half-crazed girl, and cried:

"Captain, I call upon you to enforce my authority. Arrest and deliver me that girl!"

"You wretch!" muttered the officer, between his teeth, as he drew his sword: then, hesitating, he let its point fall to the ground. Whether he had drawn his sword for the agent or the stranger was not certain.

"Oh, you will help me!" cried the girl to the officer.

"Madge, Madge! A soldier can only obey orders. Alas, the laws make this man my master. An Indian agent commands the army!"

Once more Snagly attempted to lay hold of the almost frenzied girl. But the man from under England's flag threw him back and turned to the girl.

"Come here, me lass!" And throwing one arm about her he shook his fist at Snagly. "You, stop there. There's the line! Now you cross that, and if I don't knock you down, dom me! No true Briton allows any innocent lass to be put in chains, whether she be red or black or white, and I am a son of bonnie Briton!"

"Well, son of Briton you may be, but this ain't British soil," shouted Snagly. The stranger started at this; he held his head in thought, and Snagly continued: "No, you ain't on British soil here!"

"Not on British soil. Not on brave old Britain's soil." The man said this as to himself, and then, slowly, tenderly, pitifully, lifting up the now almost prostrate child, he handed her towards the agent, saying: "Well, then, me poor, poor lass, I'll have to give ye up. I can't save you, lass, I can't. Here, sir, take her. But please, sir, treat her gently. She's only a poor, friendless lass, sir. Treat her gently. I implore you!"

"Mind your own affairs and keep your advice to yourself," cried Snagly, as he again clutched the girl and threw her towards the men. "There! Iron her!"

The girl no longer resisted or remonstrated now. Her head bent very low. Meekly and mechanically her two bony little hands fell across each other to receive the cold rattling shackles. Her hair hung down about her bended face, as if to hide the blush of shame that mantled it in her captivity.

The mouth of Colonel Bill Williams had been working; had been watering to devour that monster, the agent of these United States. His hands had clutched till his finger-nails nearly drew blood from his palms. But the rattle of chains now seemed to awaken him to a sense of the awful insult that was being put upon his country, his manhood and his presence. He caught up the nearest thing at hand—a pick that leaned against the wall; he dashed forward, throwing the men with their manacles to the ground, and roared with the voice of a Numidian lion as he cleared the way for the girl through the ugly wall.

"Well, if this ain't British soil it is God Almighty's soil, and you can't iron her! There, girl—go, as free as the winds of Colorado!"

The girl started up with all the grateful remembrance of her race in the single glance she gave her deliverers, and she passed out, with her face lifted to the cliff above. And old Kit stood there as she passed, and adroitly forced something in her bony hand for the hungry mother on the rocky hill. Surely, with the contents of the little tin bucket went a God's blessing on her from the heart of every man there, save and except the agent of these United States and the cowering red-headed deputy.

## THE WRECK OF THE "PLINY."

AMONG the incidents of the storm which raged along the New Jersey coast with such unreasonable violence for two days, during the second week of May, was the stranding and wrecking of the steamship *Pliny*, a short distance below Elberon. The *Pliny*, an iron vessel, 288 feet in length, with 24 feet depth of hold, and 33 feet breadth of beam, and valued at \$200,000, was bound from Rio Janeiro for New York with a cargo of coffee and twenty-five steerage passengers. For nearly three days before stranding she had been laboring in the storm—the heavy seas at times breaking clean over her. On the night of the 12th she became unmanageable, and at three o'clock in the morning drifted ashore



with tremendous force, laying broadside to the beach. Signals were at once displayed, and although the life-saving crews had been disbanded for the season, they at once turned out, and in three hours succeeded in bringing the passengers and sailors—some sixty-four persons in all—safely ashore. Of the passengers, ten were children of tender years, the youngest being only two months old. These were carried in the arms of adults as the latter were hauled ashore in the "breeches-buoy," or life-car. The older among them are said to have made their perilous ride over the breakers without a sign of fear. The quartermaster of the vessel thus tells the story of the night: "It was my watch below when the vessel struck, but I was not long in reaching the deck. I found everything in the greatest confusion. The women and children were shrieking, crying and praying all at once; the captain was shouting his orders, and some of the officers were trying to quiet the passengers, assuring them that they would be saved. We sent up signals and burned lights from the time she struck until long after the life-saving people came to our assistance. The first line thrown came over just about our mainmast about five A. M., and we made it fast to the foremast. It was six o'clock before the first child was taken ashore. The women and children were first to go ashore in the life-car and breeches-buoy. Then the surfmen launched a boat, and, adjusting their life-preservers, sturdily and heroically pulled for the wreck and took all of the others (excepting the officers) and the mails ashore. The captain did not leave the vessel until late in the afternoon, and she was then fast going to pieces."

The storm continuing during the 13th and 14th, the stranded vessel soon broke in two; her cargo, with pieces of the wreck, drifting ashore and littering the beach for a mile or more. The coffee washed in until at one point, for a distance of three hundred feet, it was heaped three feet deep, and hundreds of people, gathering it up, carried it off in wagons. The people of the vicinity treated the shipwrecked passengers and crew with the utmost kindness, doing everything in their power to make them comfortable.

#### THE COACHING SEASON.

THE good old times are admirably represented in the handsome coach that plies daily between the Hotel Brunswick and Yonkers, with its spanking team, its workmanlike driver, and its guard with his "yard of tin." The tootle-too-too of this sporting official as the imposing vehicle dashes into Yonkers, or spins up Fifth Avenue, is a genuine reminder of sixty years ago, and is music to the respectable old gentlemen who, while they do not disdain the luxuries of a palace-car, would fain recall the coaching times, when the trip to Albany was a journey of considerable importance—the trip calling for the solemn making of the last will and testament. To-day the Albany Road is toiled by as lively a turn-out as ever graced it in its palmy days, while bonnets of the fashions of the good old times, and dresses as quaint, adorn the occupants; the smiles, and dimples, and blushes, being just the same. The excursion is a most delightful one, provided the weather-clerk be "squared." The spin through Central Park, the bowl along the Boulevards, the trot over King's Bridge, the canter on the heights overlooking the lordly Hudson, and the spurt into Yonkers, filling up a morning with health and diversion.

#### DECORATION DAY AND ITS MEMORIES.

IT is Decoration Day, and the brave old soldier, his breast decorated with medals won at the cannon's mouth on many a hard-fought field, is seated in God's Acre, where so many of his companions-in-arms are taking their last, long sleep, and whose graves are festooned with bright, fresh garlands, placed there in grateful and proud remembrance by loving and tender hands. The sun has set, and still the veteran lingers, his memory leaping back to the tented field, to the bivouac, to the march, to the roar of battle, and the wild, mad charge, with all its dread and gruesome fascinations. Visions of his comrades rise before him—men loved and trusted, men by whose side he obeyed the bugle's call and rushed to death or glory. As the shades of evening gather in, these forms assume a greater distinctness, and faces come to him long forgotten; traits buried beneath the sands of time. Words spoken in bitter strife and supreme moments are the lips grew cold for ever float on the evening air. Regiments with which he served march slowly past in ghostly array, and eyes re-illumined shine upon him, and lips smile, as corps after corps file solemnly by. The old soldier's memory is busy on Decoration Day, teeming with recollections of the past—a past in which he placed his life upon the hazard of the die in the cause he loved even unto death.

#### Our Industrial Independence.

THE Boston *Advertiser* says: "In 1860 the population of the United States was 31,433,321. In 1880 the population was 50,182,866. In the fiscal year 1879-80 the value of imports, exclusive of specie, was \$383,613,806; in 1879-80 it was \$667,954,746. The value of domestic exports, exclusive of specie, in 1860 was \$316,243,433; in 1880 it was \$823,946,353. The population has increased sixty per cent., the imports have increased ninety per cent., and the exports have increased one hundred and sixty per cent. in twenty years. In getting at the industrial progress of the period, however, regard must be had to the nature of the imports and exports. The value of the following imported articles, among others, not being produced in the United States, or being strictly raw material, must be deducted from the aggregates for both years in order to ascertain how far we have become independent, where independence was feasible:

Articles.	Value 1860.	Value 1880.
Argols . . . . .	\$109,703	\$2,105,403
Barks . . . . .	964,686	2,818,051
Coffee . . . . .	21,768,939	60,390,769
Hides and skins, raw . . . . .	9,822,120	32,498,581
India rubber and gutta percha, crude . . . . .	1,427,242	9,606,239
Slit, raw . . . . .	1,235,976	12,024,699
Tea . . . . .	8,403,771	19,782,651
Tin, pigs and bars . . . . .	1,130,599	6,223,176
Tin, raw . . . . .	1,820,137	6,075,945
Gums . . . . .	183,838	2,444,302
Paper rags . . . . .	1,840,244	8,474,737
Total . . . . .	\$49,107,300	\$158,414,483

"There are many minor articles which would show similar comparisons, but if we take these only from the aggregates given above, we shall find that the increase in the value of other articles imported have been only from \$304,506,606 to \$509,540,263, or sixty-seven per cent.—only seven per cent. greater than the increase in population. To put it in another way, the imports of all goods in which American producers compete for the home market, including also some articles regarding which they do not compete, averaged \$9.69 in 1860, and \$10.16 in 1880. Those who will take the trouble to consider how immensely greater the demands of civilization have become in the last twenty years will have no difficulty in seeing the prodigious development of home industry that is implied by these figures. Let us

take a specimen of two out of a great abundance to show what the statistics really do mean.

"In 1860 there were produced in the whole country only 919,779 tons of pig iron. The amount imported was nowhere reported, but the total value of all raw and manufactured iron imported was \$18,726,000. In 1880 the amount produced here was 4,295,414 tons, and the total value of all iron and steel imports, including all manufactures, was about fifty millions of dollars. So that while the consumption of iron was increased enormously in excess of the rate of the growth of the population, the proportion of the amount that was produced at home was greatly increased as well. Another example is silk, of the manufactures of which thirty million dollars' worth were imported in 1860, and eight million dollars' worth produced at home. In 1880 the imports were valued at thirty-two millions, and the home production at thirty-four millions.

"Meanwhile, so it is said, we cannot export goods of home manufacture. But we can export far more in proportion to the population than we could in 1860, and do so. The aggregate value of articles of manufacture exported from the United States in 1860 and in 1880 in round numbers is \$42,100,000 for the former year, and \$77,300,000 for the latter. The increase is eighty-four per cent., against sixty per cent. increase in the population. Even this is not as favorable a showing as might be made, for while we have included as manufactures all that were so classed in 1860, such as oil cake, lard oil, tobacco and wax we have not added such new industries as preserved meats, canned vegetables, cotton-seed oil, refined petroleum and the like. Were the comparison to be made by the addition of these alone to the aggregates the increase would be found to be 194 per cent., which is a higher rate of growth than that of the exports as a whole."

#### Great Smokers.

THE Hollanders are more given to smoking than any northern people—"dreaming with the eyes open." The boatman of the Treeschkirt, the aquatic diligence of Holland, measures distance by smoke; from one place to another, not so many miles, but so many pipes. Entering the house, your host offers you a cigar, often insisting on filling your cigar-case upon leaving. Some go to sleep with a pipe in their mouth, relight it on waking in the night, and in the morning before stepping out of bed. Diderot says: "A Dutchman is a living alembic." The cigar is not the companion of indolence, but the stimulant and aid to labor. Smoke is called their second breath, and the cigar the sixth finger of the hand. A Frenchman tells the story of a rich gentleman of Rotterdam, Van Klæs, surnamed Father Greatpipe, being old, fat, and a great smoker. As a merchant in India, he had amassed a fortune. On his return he built a palace near Rotterdam, in which he arranged, as in a museum, all the models of pipes from all countries, and of every time. This was open to strangers to whom, after his display of smoking erudition, he gave a catalogue of the museum, bound in velvet, with pockets of cigars and tobacco. Myneer Van Klæs smoked 150 grammes of tobacco per day, and died at ninety-eight; from eighteen years of age he smoked 4,383 kilogrammes—making an uninterrupted black line of tobacco of twenty French leagues in length. When but a few days remained to complete his ninety-eighth year, he suddenly felt his end approaching, and sent for his notary, a smoker of great merit, and said: "My good notary, fill my pipe and your own; I am about to die." When both pipes were lighted Van Klæs dictated his will, celebrated over Holland.

After the disposal of the bulk of his property to relatives, friends and hospitals, he dictated the following articles: "I desire that all the smokers in the country shall be invited to my funeral by all possible means—newspapers, private letters, circulars and advertisements. Every smoker who shall accept the invitation shall receive a gift of ten pounds of tobacco and two pipes, upon which shall be engraved my name, my arms and the date of my death. The poor of the district who shall follow my body to the grave shall receive each man every year on the anniversary of my death a large parcel of tobacco. To all three who shall be present at my funeral ceremonies, I make the condition, if they wish to benefit by my will, that they shall smoke uninterruptedly during the ceremony. My body shall be inclosed in a case lined inside with the wood of my old Havana cigar-boxes. At the bottom of the case shall be deposited a box of French tobacco, so-called caporal, and a parcel of our own Dutch tobacco. At my side shall be laid my favorite pipe and a box of matches, because no one knows what may happen. When the coffin is deposited in the vault every person present shall pass by and cast upon it the ashes of his pipe. This will was carried out. The funeral was splendid and valued in a thick cloud of smoke. The poor blessed the memory of the deceased, and the country still rings with his fame.

#### How Taxes are Collected in Russia.

A RECENT trial, which ended with the acquittal of certain peasants in the Russian province of Vyatka, who had beaten the chief of police half dead, brought out some disgraceful facts concerning the way in which taxes are collected in some parts of Russia. It was shown that of about one thousand peasants living in the district, 797 had been flogged for non-payment of taxes in the short period from 1878 to 1880. The rural authorities were fully aware that it was from sheer poverty, and from no other cause, that the peasants were in default, and consequently they presented a petition to the Governor for a remission of the payments due. The police intervened, nevertheless, assembled the rural tribunal, brought the peasants before the judges, and had them all sentenced to receive so many lashes, threatening that if this were not done they would have the judges themselves flogged for daring to be humane.

#### Curiosities of Trade.

THE lighterage on goods from New York to Brooklyn is greater than the freight across the Atlantic. Provisions have risen so much in price, that American bacon and tallow are imported from Europe, and can be sold in Chicago at a profit.

#### INDUSTRIAL AND FINANCIAL FACTS.

CHICAGO has just disposed of an issue of \$333,000 of water bonds, bearing 3.65 per cent. interest at a premium.

THE exports of domestic breadstuffs during April were \$9,835,205, and during April of last year, \$20,421,008.

A CHICAGO dealer shipped 1,500 packages of tallow to Liverpool some time ago. The advance in the home market having been greater than on the other side of the Atlantic, he brought the invoice back to Chicago and sold it at a handsome profit, after paying 37½ to 40 cents per hundred pounds for freight.

THE real and personal property in Philadelphia liable to tax is \$553,775,299, an increase of \$10,106,100 over last year.

THE Bavarian Industrial and Art Exhibition at Nuremberg is the largest that has ever been held in Germany. There are upwards of three hundred exhibitors, representing trade and industry, with interesting exhibits of raw products, processes for art restorations, panels and other decorations of great variety, articles of trade, machinery and general works of art. There are four buildings, con-

taining the art, commercial, mechanical and agricultural exhibits.

THE tea crop on the experimental farm near Georgetown, S. C., has been gathered and cured. It is pronounced superior in appearance, quality and flavor to the tea ordinarily imported into this country from China, Japan and India.

AN International, Colonial and General Export Exhibition will be held in Amsterdam, Holland, during the month of May, 1883. Arrangements are pushing forward rapidly to make the exhibition a success, and exhibits have been requested from all parts of the world.

THE Nova Scotia coal mines are prospering, and the output for the first quarter of 1882 was 196,884 tons, an increase of 57,000 tons over the corresponding quarter of last year and 95,358 tons more than for the same quarter of 1879.

DURING the first four months of the present year the imports in France, as compared with the same period last year, have increased 78,000,000 francs, and the exports 138,000,000 francs, chiefly manufactures.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

##### The Russian Prime Minister.

Nicolaï Carlowitch V. Giers, the successor of General Gortchakoff, comes of a good old Finnish family, and was born in the year 1820, and in the year 1838 entered the Foreign Office in St. Petersburg. He was appointed as political agent to the headquarters of General Lüdors during the Hungarian insurrections of 1848-9. In 1858 he was dispatched to Egypt as Consul-General, and in 1859 he was sent, on the grumbings of Turkish discontent, to Bucharest in the same capacity. In 1872 we find him in Teheran, and subsequently named as Minister to Stockholm. Recalled to St. Petersburg on the death of Baron von Westmann, he was appointed to the post of Director of the Asiatic Department. The Emperor has the most implicit confidence in his loyalty, honor and ability, and he stands deservedly high in the esteem of his imperial master. In succeeding Gortchakoff, he has not come to recline upon a bed of roses.

##### The Panama Canal.

The aspect of Colon has considerably changed, owing to the works of the canal which are being pushed forward. Monkey Hill is a rocky eminence, at the foot of which passes the railway from Colon to Panama. The canal is cut alongside the railway, and an enormous excavator of new and improved design is at present engaged in cutting away the earth to form the channel of the canal. This powerful engine is anchored close to the bank, and in a second its gigantic chains and borers are in motion, cutting, grinding, boring, while a set of buckets are put in revolution, which snap up the debris of rocks and stones and clay, depositing the same in trucks that take instant departure on being filled. The counterpoise of the machine consists of two tons weight of water. Four hundred and eighty cubic metres of earth and rock are removed in a single day by this machine, filling ten trains of a dozen wagons each. Two excavators are at work on this point of the canal, and four on the side of the mountain further down.

##### The Royal Wedding.

We have already given a brief account of the marriage of Prince Leopold to Princess Helena of Waldeck-Pyrmont, which took place on the 27th ultimo. The spectacle in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, where the marriage ceremony was performed, was unusually brilliant, both royalty and nobility contributing to its splendor. The marriage service was read by the Archbishop of Canterbury, after which the Duke of Albany led his wife to the Queen, who took her in her arms and kissed her on both cheeks, her father and mother doing the same. Upon quitting the chapel the newly-wedded pair were received with hearty acclamations by the populace.

##### The New Concert Hall at Carlsbad.

Carlsbad, with its resident population of 10,000, has erected a gorgeous concert hall in the City Park, and the fame of its waters will go hand-in-hand with the fame of its music. The invalid can now sip Sprudel, Mühlbrunnen, Neubrunnen, Theresienbrunnen or Schlossbrunnen to the strains of Offenbach, Schöper, or the to-be-immortalized Wagner, or that wild gypsy sweetness over which all Bohemia has gone abaze. The exterior of the concert hall is exceptionally handsome, graceful and light, the glass roof giving it a miniature Crystal Palace appearance, while the gilt ironwork adds to the general picturesque effect. The interior of the great hall is thirty-two metres long, fifteen broad and eleven high, and seats 700 people. Broad terraces surround the building on all sides, and the gardens are provided with tables capable of seating 1,600 people. Electric lights, toned down, illuminate both the hall and grounds, and amid the trees groups of statuary, recently purchased at very high prices, have been artistically placed. The Carlsbaders are exceedingly proud of their new concert hall, as indeed, they may well be.

##### A Transvaal Cemetery.

The English dead who fell in the Transvaal have honorable sepulture. Our illustration represents the cemetery at Mount Prospect, containing the graves of the British officers who fell in the battle of Majuba Hill, which is shown on the left, with Lang's Neck in the distance on the right. First and foremost in interest is the grave of General Pomeroy Colley, who, it may be remembered, was shot in the head at Majuba Hill, on February 27th, 1881, in an attempt to seize the position. On the left of the sketch is O'Neill's Farm, where the treaty with the Boers was signed.

##### The Funeral of Darwin.

The funeral of Charles Robert Darwin in Westminster Abbey, on the 26th ultimo, was attended by a dense throng of mourners, amongst whom were men whose names are as household words in European scientific circles. The procession, headed by the pall, was met at the west entrance of the Abbey by the mourners, headed by Mr. Erasmus Darwin, and at the west cloister door by the Rev. Canon Prothero, who officiated in the absence of the Dean. The opening sentence of the service being read, the procession moved down the south aisle, and the body was placed in front of the Communion table. After the Psalms had been chanted, and an anthem, which had been composed for the occasion, had been sung, the body was removed to the grave, which is situated at the northeast corner of the nave next to that of Sir John Herschel, and near that of Sir Isaac Newton. Beethoven's Funeral March being played during the progress of the procession.

##### The Herzegovina Insurrection.

Our illustration represents an episode of the struggle in Herzegovina which is now practically terminated. A group of insurgent prisoners, some of whom are wounded, are seated on the ground, guarded by the Austrian troops, in dangerous proximity, as it would seem, to the burning houses of the Montenegrin village, which has been set on fire in order that it may not afford shelter to enemies of the invaders. These types of the insurgents and the soldiers in campaigning dress give some idea of the incidents and accessories of the struggle which at one time threatened the peace of Europe. The engagement at Ashovac on the 21st of April was the last serious conflict of the war, the insurgents, after this expiring effort, flying towards the Montenegrin frontier.

#### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—SEVEN steamers landed 6,741 immigrants at Castle Garden in one day last week.

—A VENETIAN glass manufacturer is making a great success of ladies' glass bonnets.

—SCHOOLS are rapidly increasing in Japan, and the University of Tokio has over 200 students.

—INDIANS on the Reservations are to be disarmed by order of the Secretary of the Interior.

—CINCINNATI's Music Hall has just been adorned by a statue of its founder, Reuben Springer, by Preston Powers.

—A LARGE part of the town of Danville, Canada, was destroyed by fire last week, rendering 200 people homeless.

—ONE hundred and five physicians were graduated from the Medical Department of Columbia College, in this city, last week.

MR. DESIRÉ CHARNAT, the explorer, has discovered a hitherto unknown ruined city in Mexico which he has named Lorillard.

—THE Supreme Court of Kentucky has decided that the testimony of an atheist shall stand upon an equal footing with that of other witnesses.

—A BILL has been introduced in the House of Representatives thanking Lieutenant Danenhower for his services in the *Jeannette* expedition, and advancing his rank in the navy.

—THE New York Assembly has rejected the Bill conferring suffrage upon women, as was inevitable after the Attorney-General's opinion that such a measure would be unconstitutional.

—REPORTS from Florida show the orange crop of the past season to have been very large, the number of oranges shipped being 28,941,760. A still larger yield is looked for next season.

—THE Library of Congress is about to receive a valuable addition in the shape of a collection of over 20,000 medical and scientific books and pamphlets presented by Dr. J. M. Toner, of Washington.

—A LAWYER in Bangor, Me., has brought suit for \$5,000 damages against the publishers of a history of Penobscot County which reported him as dead and gave him a complimentary obituary sketch.

—A FRENCH millionaire, in order to encourage population, has left annual prizes of \$1,200, \$800 and \$600 to the mothers of the largest families in Paris, with preference to the poorest in case of equality.

—AT the recent exhibition of ship models in London, silver medals were awarded to Lewis Temple, of New Bedford, Mass., for a contreboard yacht, and W. B. Barker, of Nyack, N. Y., for an American yacht.

—THE use of hydrate of chloral as a remedy for sleeplessness is steadily increasing, and the scientist who first recommended its use in medicine is said to have declared that he was almost sorry he had ever done so.

—ST. LOUIS has Kindergartens as a part of its public school system, with 5,000 children in them, and a number of other Western cities, especially Chicago and Cincinnati, are seeking to establish them in the same way.

—THE whipping-posts for wife-beaters in Maryland, authorized by the last Legislature, are being erected, but it is hoped that they will not be often used, as the crime has become less frequent since the passage of the law.

—THE Richmond (Ky.) *Register* reports the selling of "a stout-looking young fellow" into slavery for one year to the highest bidder. The price paid was one dollar, the purchaser a railroad contractor, and the offense vagrancy.

—AMERICAN trade with Rouen, France, is steadily increasing. It is proposed to further improve the port and to start a line of steamers to New York. A banquet was given to Minister Morton by the Municipality of Rouen last week.

—PRINCE BISMARCK's Accident Insurance Bill has been referred to a committee of the Reichstag, and the House has adjourned until June 6th. The committee on the Tobacco Monopoly Bill have rejected the whole act by a vote of 21 to 3.

—A NEW cotton-press has been introduced in the South which bids fair to do away with the old cumbersome bale, weighing nearly 600 pounds. It is a continuous acting self packer, and it turns out a bale 12x15x30 inches, weighing 125 pounds.

—COLOR prejudice is still strong in Canada. The postmaster at Toronto recently appointed a negro letter-carrier, whereupon all the other letter-carriers refused to serve if the new man was taken on, and the postmaster weakened and assigned the black man to some other work.

—AN eccentric woman, who recently died at Newport, R. I., actually announced her own death to friends in other places by writing and signing twenty minutes before her death dispatches which announced "Mrs. Taylor is dead," followed by the request that they would attend the funeral.

—THERE were great rejoicings in England over the acquisition of Cyprus a few years ago. Now a London journal complains that "this pestiferous and useless island" cost the country £20,000 this year, and threatens to require an annual expenditure of £40,000 under the most favorable circumstances.

—JUDGMENT has been pronounced in the case of the persons accused of negligence at the time of the Ring Theatre fire in Vienna. Director Jauner was sentenced to four months' simple arrest, Herr Geringer to four months' imprisonment and Herr Nitsche to eight months' imprisonment, Geringer and Nitsche to fast one day in each month.

—THE United States Senate Select Committee on Woman Suffrage has, by a vote of three to two, agreed to recommend to the Senate for adoption Senator Lapham's joint resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution, providing that the right of citizens to vote shall not be denied or abridged on account of sex; and that Congress shall have power by appropriate legislation to enforce the provisions of the article.

—THE Longfellow Memorial Association has issued an appeal for money to erect a monument to the memory of the poet. The members hope to secure a part of the grounds surrounding Mr. Longfellow's house, where the monument will be placed. It is also intended to preserve the house should it ever pass out of the possession of the family. The association asks for subscriptions of one dollar. Contributions should be sent to John Bartlett, box 1,590, Boston.

—MR. TRESCOT, American Envoy to Peru, before starting for home, had an interview with President Montero. The latter refused to accept the Chilean conditions for a truce, viz., the surrender of the province of Tarapaca and the sale of the province of Arica to the Chileans. The Peruvian Minister at Washington says that the province of Tarapaca is worth \$1,000,000,000, and that under the proposed arrangement Chile would virtually buy the province of Arica with Peruvian money derived from the province of Tarapaca.





"On this day of all the year the veteran of the war hears most clearly the martial tread, and sees most d

1862-1882.—DECORATION-DAY AND





and sees most distinctly the shadowy forms, of the comrades with whom he marched and fought long years ago."  
Y-DAY AND ITS MEMORIES.—SEE PAGE 215.



## THE EVERLASTING LAW.

YOU say it is best that all my days  
I should walk over rough and thorny ways;  
That ever and ever I must be cursed  
With cruel hunger and endless thirst;  
For the bread and wine that all around  
I see outspilled on the thankless ground—  
On the thankless ground that drinks it up,  
While I stand by with my empty cup.

You say—but your words are old, so old,  
Over and over I've heard them told—  
'Tis good to hunger and thirst and cry  
For the blessings that daily pass me by;  
'Tis good to sit in the dust and spread  
The ashes of sadness on my head.

And I am sinful because I fret,  
And hate the paths where my feet are set;  
Because no lies to my soul I tell,  
Because I will not say ill is well;  
And bitter is sweet, but rather will  
Say bitter is bitter and ill is ill.

Dear God! Ah, me, it is God they say  
Whose hand so hurts me. I tell you nay:  
I have not such pious hardihood.  
Though I am sinful, yet God is good;  
And I recognize with vague, dim awe,  
The mighty hand of a mighty law.

Back of the storms that shook the earth  
Of glorious plenty and dreary dearth,  
Of soft south wind and cloudless sky,  
The everlasting causes lie;  
Never a thistle's from fig-trees grown—  
Roses bloom if the seeds are sown.

## A TERRIBLE WOMAN.

CHAPTER XXVI.—AFTER TWENTY YEARS.

MY LADY was standing at a window of the library at Charnwood Court reading a letter by the aid of a double eyeglass that she held up to her eyes. Although she was now seventy-six years of age, there was but very few white threads in her still profuse chestnut hair, and her face, although slightly wrinkled and somewhat fallen from its once firm oval, was still smooth and fair, her teeth still retained their parity, her lips their fine color. Her figure was yet erect and slender, and she still moved with much of her old grace and ease.

When she had finished the letter she let her hand drop, and stood, with a slight frown on her face, looking out of the window.

"Well, my lady, what news?" asked a young man, who was lounging on the library sofa and watching the movements of a lovely blonde, with long hair curling upon her shoulders, who was filling a flat dish with flowers.

"The news, Aymer, is this. Your mother, sister and grandmother may be expected any day."

The blonde looked up, glanced at Aymer, and then bent her head still lower over her flowers.

"Is Uncle Max coming, too?"

"Nothing was said of him," returned my lady, tapping the gold rim of her glasses on the window-sill, as she mentally went over a sentence in Bettina's letter. "My mother says she would like the suite of rooms that open on the east gallery made ready for her reception."

Would she? My lady knew that Bettina was completely under her mother's domination.

"So, as she has had to give up Ilfradon, she means to rule here, does she?" thought my lady. "I should like to see her get me under her thumb, especially as I govern Aymer, who is the head of the house."

"Aymer," she said, "you were saying a while since, that you thought you would like that suite of rooms opening from the east gallery?"

"And you advised me to keep my old room."

"Did I? Well, I think, now, you had better make the change you fancied."

"Then I'll move in to-night, if you have no objection. That middle room will make a splendid studio, and I think I'll have a bit built out there, and a skylight put in."

"You had better send for your carpenters and builders right away, then, so as to have it begun, at least before your grandmother gets here. She may not fancy the hammering."

"She used to say that Lillian and I first made her know that she had any nerves. Why, my lady, Lillian must be sixteen years old now!"

"Was she but ten when you saw her last?" said my lady, absently. She was thinking about the countess, and making sure that she meant to contest with herself for the high places of Charnwood Court. Secretly my lady congratulated herself that she had had her great-grandson under her tutelage for the last ten years. He was very fond of her, and he was also a little afraid of her, and through his affection and his fear my lady ruled him.

The blonde having finished arranging her bouquet, looked up and remarked: "They say the new Earl of Ilfradon is coming at the end of the week."

"Indeed?" said my lady. "Did they say who he was before he came into the title?"

"No, my lady."

"I hope there'll be a Viscount Doricourt to take Lillian off from my hands; she'll be sure to be bothering me to go around with her," said Aymer, with a yawn.

"Lazy fellow!" said the countess, patting him on the head with her still lovely hand, which sparkled as of old with superb rings. If there was any one in the world whom my lady loved it was this handsome boy, who so strongly resembled herself.

Three days later the widowed Countess of Ilfradon, her daughter, the Lady Elizabeth Charlton, her granddaughter Miss Charlton, and quite a suite of servants arrived at the Court.

Bettina was plumper than ever—a little roly-poly woman—with a considerable sprinkling of lavender in her attire, although her husband

had been dead but a year. The countess's large white face had changed but little, her lustrous hair was still fair, and her pale-blue eyes as hard and cold as ever. My lady remarked upon this, and the countess replied: "People change very little from fifty to sixty. It's after one gets into the seventies that time tells. I should scarcely have known you!"

My lady bit her lip, and asked her if she would be shown to her own apartments.

"The suite in the east gallery? Yes!"

"Aymer occupies those rooms."

"Indeed! But I suffer from rheumatism, and must have an eastern exposure. Aymer can sleep anywhere."

"To be sure Aymer is the owner of the house, but you and he can arrange this matter between yourselves."

The countess summoned her maid and ordered her to carry her bag and wraps up to the east gallery, her ladyship stalking after her. But when she opened the door into the parlor, behold one side of the room was missing, and the floor of the dismantled apartment was strewn with carpenters' tools.

"Why, what is the meaning of this?" asked the countess of a housemaid who was sweeping up the debris.

"This is Master H'Aymer's painting-room. 'E's a'ving a sky-like put in."

Her ladyship was thus obliged to go in search of some other rooms, which she did in a cold fury, rightly laying the loss of these chosen rooms to my lady's interposition, and favoring her with a stony glare, when she pleasantly inquired at the lunch-table if the countess had found that the rooms in the east gallery suited her rheumatic complaints.

"That's a pretty girl," said the countess to her daughter, nodding towards the blonde already mentioned. "Who is she?"

"I really do not know," said Bettina. "You must ask my lady."

"Mrs. Charlton," said the countess, leaning across the table and addressing my lady, who was seated behind the urn.

"By-the-way, Bettina, you should take the head of the table, now. You are not a dowager until Aymer marries."

My lady's face flushed fiercely, and she half rose from her chair.

"Dear me, mamma," said Bettina, "you know I hate trouble, and my lady is only too good to take it into her hands. Pray let everything be as it has been, my lady. I could never keep house as you do. The Court is in lovely order."

"I fear your mother doesn't find it so, after the Priory. By-the-way, Fanny," to the blonde, "you were saying something about the new earl! Has he come?"

"Yes, my lady. Martha has seen him. She says he was all bundled up, and looked quite old; his hair was as white as snow."

"Quite old, is he?" said the countess, apparently unmoved by this reference to the man who held those honors that had once belonged to her husband and her son. "I shouldn't wonder if he were the very one whom my husband dispossessed—his uncle, St. John St. Clair. By-the-way, you should know him, Mrs. Charlton!"

"I am in the habit of being addressed as 'my lady.'"

"Indeed! These Spanish titles always suggest castles in the air to me. Now, if you had married this St. John St. Clair, as you meant to—"

"I beg your ladyship's pardon; it was I who broke the engagement."

"Yes, when he lost his title! Don't you wish you had held to it? You would now have a right to be called my lady, though that does not sound very much by the side of your Serene Highness!"

If looks could kill, the countess would never have eaten another meal. My lady was almost choking with rage, and the worst of it was that she had no way of stopping the odious woman, as she said nothing but what was true.

Bettina interposed.

"If he's my great-uncle, I suppose we shall have to call, mamma?"

"Ask Mrs. Char—I beg your pardon—my lady to go with you. I am still in deep mourning," returned the countess, with a glance at her daughter's lilac ribbons. "I haven't been told who you are yet, but I suppose I may speak to you"—to Fanny. "Is there a Countess of Ilfradon?"

"I don't know, my lady. A young gentleman and two young ladies came in the carriage with him. And Martha said they were all very handsome."

"Oh!" said Bettina, "what was that Uncle Max found in the old manuscript? Something about St. John—Don't you remember, my lady?"

"Not in the least."

"I must write and ask him. So I suppose there's a Viscount Doricourt—poor Max's title!—and two Lady Somethings or others! I really should like to see them!"

But if there were a Viscount Doricourt, or who the two young ladies might be, no one could do anything but surmise for the present. The new earl had descended from his traveling-carriage, so wrapped up that only the tip of his noble nose and some straggling locks of white hair were visible. He had waved aside the assembled household who were gathered in the great hall to greet him, and querulously ordered his valet to see if a fire were lighted in his bedchamber.

The housekeeper had then courtesied to the dark, haughty young man who followed him, having a young lady on each arm, and addressed him, at a venture, as "Lord Doricourt," to which the young man had vouchsafed a nod, and remarked, negligently: "I suppose you're the housekeeper?"

"Yes; Mrs. Allison, at his lordship's service."

"But we have brought the article with us," interjected his lordship, carelessly, motioning towards a woman who was walking behind

them, and who was followed by two lady's maids, carrying wraps.

"Do you mean that you've brought a house-keeper?" ejaculated Mrs. Allison.

"Precisely; and here she is. You know our ways, Nollekens, and I wish you would see that we have something decent for supper. I suppose it's too late to expect to dine."

"Dinner is all ready to go on the table, my lord," said the furious Allison, diving into a deep pocket and bringing a large bunch of keys, which she flung with a crash at Nollekens's feet. "There's the keys, and I hope your lordship will find you can eat such dishes as was set before the late earl, and he was a gentleman!"

"Pretty hard on us, isn't she, Hilda?" asked his lordship of one of the young ladies, who, with eyes as dark as his own, had waves upon waves of hair of a ruddy golden hue rolling over her shoulders.

"Speak for yourself!" said this young lady, with a scornful protrusion of a most beautiful scarlet lower lip.

The other young lady was very fair and fragile-looking, with golden-brown hair, golden-brown eyes, and cheeks like two pink shells. They called her Stephana.

The family from the Court were the first to call at the Priory, and my lady, Bettina and Aymer were shown into a magnificently furnished drawing-room, to which the footman returned presently, saying that the Earl of Ilfradon saw no visitors.

Bettina looked blankly at my lady, who changed color, and then a curtain hanging from an arch at the end of the room was drawn aside and the young man already mentioned came in, accompanied by Hilda and Stephana.

"Lord Doricourt?" said Aymer, stepping forward, to which the other responded, glancing at the card in his hand: "Mr. Charlton, of Charnwood! You are quite near neighbors of ours, I believe?"

Aymer introduced his mother and "my lady."

"I suppose we may call ourselves related through my grandson," said my lady, graciously. "You know that your father is his mother's great-uncle. And these young ladies are your sisters?"

"This is Hilda, whom I must mention first, as being the eldest; the other is Stephana."

"What manners!" thought my lady; "where can they have been brought up?" and she began to pump his lordship, whose answers were, however, very unsatisfactory. Was his father very ill? Did he never see any one?

"The Grand Llama—beg pardon, but I always call him the Grand Llama—is generally ailing, but nothing dangerous, I believe. The doctors say let him have his own way and he'll live the longer."

"He might find a change of climate beneficial. Perhaps the climate of —, the place you have come from—"

"Exactly, just as you say. It was too dry, altogether too dry."

"The climate of —, France, you mean?"

"Oh, no! France is very different."

"Is it different from—a—Germany?"

"Very much so."

"In what part of Germany did you make your home?"

"Oh, we cannot be said to have made our home in any particular place. Always traveling."

"Oh, I understand!" (Which she didn't in the least.)

This seemed to be the day that every one had chosen to call on the new earl, and carriage after carriage rolled in under the superb arch of the Priory gateway, and, as one after the other of the county families entered, Aymer introduced to them "My cousins, Lord Doricourt and the Ladies Hilda and Stephana Aymer," while my lady explained and apologized for the absence of the head of the family. Through it all Hilda sat like a beautiful Titian picture, the ruddy gold of her hair billowing over her rich dress, her jeweled hands lightly folded on her lap, her head held very high, and a scornful expression on her scarlet mouth, which opened for little more than an occasional yes or no. Stephana was much more gracious, although very timid, but Lord Doricourt seemed very much at his ease, surrounded as he was by the compliments and attentions of some ladies who each possessed two or more unmarried daughters.

CHAPTER XXVII.—MY LADY TALKS TO AYMER AND IS TALKED TO.

"THAT is one of the most aristocratic girls I have ever seen," said my lady to Bettina, as they were on their way to the Court. "She is something like Marie Antoinette in feature, and haughty enough for an empress."

"And how very elegant Stephana is!" said Bettina. "But I don't quite fancy Lord Doricourt."

"He is Lord Doricourt, however, and will be Earl of Ilfradon before very long. I hope you won't be so foolish as to prejudice Lillian against him!"

Lillian! Oh, no! I don't doubt he's well enough, and he certainly is wonderfully handsome; but—"

"At first I thought his manners were not good," said my lady; "but I found I was mistaken."

"It's odd that I should have had that same impression," said Bettina.

"Not at all," observed Aymer. "I had it, too; but it soon passed away."

"I think, instead of driving all the way home, I'll get out here and walk across the Chase," said my lady. "The doctor says that I don't take exercise enough. You will give me your arm, Aymer?"

As they went in under the shadow of the trees, my lady said to her grandson:

"Did you ever see any one out of a picture as perfectly beautiful as that Hilda?"

"I—I don't like red hair," said Aymer.

"Red! It is the loveliest tint imaginable. Just what you see in the pictures of Titian's beauties."

"Well, carrot, then."

"You don't mean to say that you didn't admire her?"

"No; she was handsome enough. But black eyes and red hair, you know! She must have the devil's own temper!"

"Not more than enough to make her spirited. I hate your milk-and-water temperaments. Come, Aymer, don't be obstinate! It was plain enough what all the other young men thought of her. Young Lancaster could not keep his eyes off from her, and Dick Plantagenet was as bad."

"I didn't notice. I was looking at the other one."

"Stephana! H'm! She looks like some one I detest, although I can't say who it is. I would rather have Hilda for my granddaughter; but if you prefer Stephana—"

"I don't; at least, not in that way."

"Either one would be a most excellent match, and—"

"But I don't want either of them," said Aymer, his face flushing.

"But you must marry somebody."

"Must I? I don't see it!"

"My dear boy!—the owner of an estate like yours! And I will confess that I should like to choose a wife for you. Your mother would let you have any one you might fancy. Your grandmother would select a perfect stock, while I would have the future Lady of Charnwood possess beauty, birth and distinction of manner."

Aymer held his head down. The lights and shadows flickered across his handsome face.

"I would rather choose my own wife myself," he said, and said it doggedly.

My lady thought the world must be turning upside down. She, who had carried everything before her all her life, had found herself in the last few days bullied and opposed by the countess, and now her grandson was resisting her will and disputing her authority. She looked at him fixedly. Yes, he looked obstinate—"As a pig!" my lady added, to herself. Could he by any possibility be in love already? And if so, with whom?

On the terrace they found the countess, draped in a black shawl, that was not unlike a pall, a wonderful creation in Berlin wool, on her head.

"I don't see how you dare to go so thinly clad at your age," she said to my lady. "Why, I must be ten years younger, and I find these April evenings decidedly chilly."

"Perhaps your blood is thin—like vinegar!" said my lady. "Mine is like good wine."

"Of Ipecac! At least, so my brother seemed to think. It didn't take him long to sicken of you. You haven't forgotten those old days, have you? It's surprising how little he has changed, but I don't think he would know you! I've just been talking with that little companion of yours—Fanny. I suppose you keep her here to make Aymer willing to stay with you?"

Fanny! My lady had never thought of her! In an instant she had formed a plan. (Aymer had left as soon as he saw his grandmother.)

"Fanny!" my lady exclaimed. "Why, Aymer is simply frantic about one of our new neighbors—Lord Ilfradon's oldest daughter, a most superb beauty, and one whom I shall be proud to welcome as the mistress of Charnwood!"

"Humph!" said the countess.

"I have advised Aymer not to lose any time, for, of course, such a girl as that will have plenty of lovers, and he must endeavor to secure her before she shall have seen many others. His position as a near neighbor favors this plan."

The countess's large, flat mouth grew flatter; she looked as obstinately inclined as her grandson; and my lady, having hurried into the house, saw from an upper window Aymer, who was passing, detained by his grandmother, who took his arm and led him up and down the terrace, talking with him earnestly.

At the dinner-table the purport of this conversation was made known, the countess triumphantly announcing that Aymer was to go to Germany to see about some property of hers.

"He will be gone at least six weeks," said her ladyship, wagging her head as she looked at my lady, who was looking at Fanny, who had grown very pale, and my lady thought she saw Aymer make her a peculiar sign as he folded his dinner-napkin.

My lady, who had gone out on the balcony after leaving the dinner-table, fancied she saw a light figure gliding under the shadow of the trees in the direction of the Dark Pool. Soon after a red point was visible through the thickly-gathering shadows, and the fragrance of a cigar reached her. As the countess had said, the evenings were cool, and my lady, who had left the balcony for the terrace, drew the folds of her overskirt around her shoulders and tracked the fiery point like an Indian following a trail. It led her to the Dark Pool, and as she reached it the moon sailed slowly up the heavens, sending a long trail of quivering light across the sullen waters and showing to my lady Aymer standing by the Pool with Fanny's fair head lying on his breast.

"So, you will go?" said the girl's sweet, pathetic voice. "You will go and leave me?"

"If I could take you with me, you know, I would do so, my darling! But, as we are not to declare our marriage"—my lady started—"until I am of age, which will be in a couple of months, I won't compromise you in any way in the meantime. And then I shall be so glad to escape being tormented about that red-haired cousin of mine."

"They say she is very handsome!"

"Do they? I don't like black eyes."

"And I think they're beautiful," looking up into the handsome eyes that were gazing fondly down on her.

Put my lady turned her back on this beautiful



ful picture, and, as she trailed her silken skirts away into the darkness, Fanny started and shivered in her husband's arms.

"Are you chilly, dearest?" he asked.

"No-o; but you don't think there are snakes about here, do you? I am so afraid of them!"

When Aymer had gone my lady complained greatly of her loneliness without him. "It is so forlorn not to have any young people in the house," she said.

"Why," said the countess, "Fanny can't be more than seventeen!"

"I am not speaking of the servants," said my lady. "If you don't mind, Bettina, I should like to ask Hilda and Stephana to stay with us for a while. Lillian will be coming back from the Mountgeorges soon, and it will be pleasant for her to find some young people here."

"I am sure I should like nothing better," said Bettina; and this matter having been arranged, my lady told Fanny she should have to take her bedroom as one of the rooms belonging to the suite in which she meant to place her new guests, and would send her into another part of the Court to sleep. "There are some very pretty rooms there, though rather out of the way. But you are never afraid of anything?"

No, Fanny said, she was not afraid, and so she was sent to sleep in that charming room to whose green furniture and curtains Pauline had taken so violent a dislike. Then my lady went across the Chase to give her invitation informally, a black lace mantle being drawn over her shoulders, the hood veiling her carefully-dressed hair. She went in at a little side-gate opening under an arch, from the shaded private path, and stood in the pleasure that her lover had laid out to please her at the time when she had expected to be Countess of Ilfradon.

This pleasure was covered with short, thick turf, and thickly set with ornamental trees. There were also orange-trees and other exotics planted out in tubs, and glossy-leaved vines clambering over quaintly-twisted trellises. My lady went on with a light step, her rich skirts rustling over the turf, when all at once a woman glided from behind one of the trees and stopped short when she saw my lady. She was neither a tall nor a large woman, but when her eyes fell on my lady she seemed to dilate and expand until she towered far above her, and her eyes, which were light and of a greenish color, sparkled and glowed like those of a cat in the dark. Her hair was gray and so was her complexion, and she was wrinkled and withered, but when you had looked at her closely, you would say she could be no more than forty years of age.

"The young ladies. I am looking for Lady Hilda and Lady Stephana," said my lady, graciously. "Shall I find them?"

"If you look in the right direction."

My lady drew herself up.

"Do you belong to the household?" she asked.

"I was Hilda's nurse. I am now the house-keeper."

"I don't think Lord Ilfradon would approve of the way in which you speak of his daughter!"

"You had better ask him if he has any objection," said the woman, stalking away, and not even leaving to my lady the consolation of having had the last word. On the contrary, she had been silenced by this woman who, of course, knew that she never would see the earl. Here was another who defied that authority of hers, once so supreme! A shadow seemed to come over the sunny landscape and chill my lady. Could it be possible that age was making her less terrible? Then she thought of Fanny, and was comforted.

As she ascended some steps leading to the terrace, on the balustrading of which a peacock was perched, sunning himself, she met the village doctor coming down.

"Dr. Joyce, is it possible Lord Ilfradon has sent for you?" she asked.

"And why not, my lady? I am not yet superannuated," said the doctor, a little testily.

"Of course not. But you know that he has absolutely refused to see every one who has called on him, and I did not suppose that he would call in a physician who breathed the same air with his neighbors."

"Oh!—ah!—hum! His lordship was talking with me. He feels a little sore, you see. Think he wasn't treated quite well when he was here before."

"Oh!—then he was St. John St. Clair?"

"Yes, my lady; and so you can understand—says 'taint himself but his title; and that those who kicked St. John St. Clair will now be kicked by the Earl of Ilfradon."

"Indeed! But he was Lord Doricourt and his daughters—"

"Oh! as he said to me, 'My young people may have a good time, if they want to. Only I shan't hold myself responsible for anything they may do.'"

"How singular! Does he think they will misbehave themselves? Have you seen any of them? The elder daughter—"

"By Jove! the handsomest and haughtiest creature I ever set eyes on! She is like that peacock there—walks as if she disdained the earth she treads on. She might be a duchess. And here she comes! I ain't good enough to speak to—oh, no—so I'll get out of the way."

(To be continued.)

## DECORATIVE ART IN OUR HOMES.

### THE ÆSTHETIC IN WALL-PAPER MANUFACTURE.

THANKS to æstheticism and Oscar Wilde, the hideous wall-papers that used to make us feel horribly bilious, and cause one's strained and tortured eyes to ache again, are happily doomed, and, instead of abominable stripes out of all harmony, or aggressive squares hard and uncompromising as tombstones, our homes will, in the near future, be beautified with tender half-tones, with delicate, dreamy tints, while patterns born of the glories of the sunflower will gradually merge into

the chaste and delicious essences of the peach, the apple or the hawthorn blossom. A new era has dawned. Our interiors will no longer present the appalling severity of white walls, or the ultra abomination of impossible flowers laid upon colors in open revolt. Adieu to cracked and smoke-adorned ceilings, and welcome thrice welcome flower borders, glowing as though in a fragrant *parterre*, fresh as if recently plucked. The dado, too, returns to us, reinvigorated and in better form, surrounding our dinner-room like a luminous hedge, till the eye, instead of resting on white walls blackened by the fingers of lusty menials when grasping the chairs to lug them towards the table, now falls upon the soft flower of a calla-lily, or the opening petals of a blush rose.

This shower of art is not falling on palatial mansions and gorgeous villas only; it is descending slowly and refreshingly upon the homesteads of the people, upon the modest frame house, and the humble brick cottage; upon the terrace in the suburb, and the lone dwelling in the valley. Everywhere is this rosy cloud discharging itself, and if the palace is ambitious of frescoes and Spanish-stamped leather paper, the cottage is content, as well it may be, with apple-blossoms, and lilies, and yellow primroses—yes, even with sunflowers.

The demand for high art in wall-paper has arrived at the financial dignity of a boom, while the utter cessation in the sale of what used heretofore to be in frantic demand, proves in the most direct manner the progress of the art-wave that is now happily passing over this vast continent. New York is the great centre of æsthetic wall-paper manufacture, and to the firm of Fr. Beck & Co., West Twenty-ninth Street and Seventh Avenue, the new departure owes its wondrous impetus. A visit to their factory is as instructive, if not as full of interest, as a turn in the Academy Exhibition. The factory is seven stories in height, and five hundred hands, with engines too numerous to count, are at work during day and night. An idea of the quantity of wall-paper turned out by this firm in one year may be gleaned from the startling fact that if laid straight along in one strip, it would reach around the world! Of a single pattern—æsthetic—the firm has ready for delivery 75,000 rolls, 8 yards to the roll, while orders for treble that quantity are on file. The orders are coming principally from Boston and Philadelphia, the "Hub" being at the present moment deeply enamored of mustard-yellow—a velvet paper, stamped.

Philadelphia, true to its Quaker flavor, leans towards soft grays, but the mustard has also succeeded in biting. From out of the West come orders for sunflower patterns, the sunflower being the *sine qua non*. Westerners must have sunflowers, while a little of the glories of the setting sun are not utterly objected to. Stamped leather-paper, silk-faced, is in lordly demand for dining-rooms and libraries. Its cost is \$25 a roll of nine yards, but it is silk-faced and sunflowered. The old Spanish is in great request, and is so artfully manufactured as to resemble brass-work. The Queen Anne is also considerably run upon for houses and villas built after the fashion of the time when that worthy lady sat upon the throne of Great Britain. There are numerous patterns of stamped leather-paper—all rich, imposing and handsome; all hand-painted, and effective to the last degree. This paper demands a frescoed ceiling, Genoa velvet hangings, carved oaken furniture of the fifteenth century, and a couple of effigies in armor. An enormous quantity of gold-dust is used in this factory—tons of it—and one machine is capable of turning out, from 4,000 to 5,000 rolls of gold-bordered paper per diem. Another machine prints no less than twelve colors at a single printing, its ramifications extending 300 yards. Tapestry patterns are in vogue, and in time the Gobelins must look to their laurels. Yellow is now coming to the front for the first time, and is looming up from pale primrose to the much-coveted sunflower. Velvet papers are very handsome, especially those of raised white lilies on dead-gold grounds. What walls for my lady's boudoir! These cost \$15 a roll of eight yards. The visitor on approaching the velvet department will imagine himself in close proximity to the drums of a French marching regiment. The tattoo and tan tar-r-r-r-r-r is something deafening. This brilliant noise is produced by small boys who tap the canvas bottoms of long, deep troughs with canes, so as to mix up the flock and send it in good condition to make its impression upon the expectant paper. This flock is imported and comes in bales from France and Saxony. The dressing process is also performed by machinery, but not so effectually, the human flock-drum being preferred. Cheviots are extremely fashionable. This paper is a plain ground of one color, in flock. Goosling and neutral greens and pale yellows are at a premium. Fr. Beck & Co. display with considerable pride an exquisite paper—their own patent—embossed in tiny rills and glistening with mica. For a breakfast or bed room it is immensely fetching. The ground is white, dappled with apple blossoms with the tenderest of green leaves, and over all a shower of sheen and silver. The mica is imported from Japan, and Fr. Beck & Co. have two special agents in that country whose instructions are to buy up every ounce of mica that can be had for money. This paper is in great favor in the South, especially in New Orleans, the orders from the Crescent City being in excess of the power of supply.

The old-time process of hand-painting is still continued, but it has had its day. An expert will paint twelve rolls per diem. Compare this with a machine that runs off 5,000 rolls in the same space of time, grinding-in one color.

In addition to paper-hanging, Fr. Beck & Co. employ nearly a hundred men in the retail department, the majority of whom are constantly busy in frescoing and decoration from designs by the firm's own artists. Some of the designs shown were exquisite in delicacy of handling, and in the arrangement of tints—in particular, a ceiling of a room with a bay window—was in every way a gem of artistic design. The work of Beck & Co. may be seen in some of the handsomest public and private houses in the city.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. George Mather, the courteous and cultured representative, who accompanied the writer over the immense factory, "we do owe something to Oscar Wilde, and would be glad to reciprocate by giving him some points. The public are no longer content with showy and old-time designs—they must have artistic and refined work; and as our house is the largest in the business on this continent—in the world, I believe—and as we pick ourselves out on being always ahead, we mean to give the public such æsthetic and cultured goods as will make the homes of our people, things of beauty and joys for ever."

### How they Get India-rubber in Africa.

A WRITER who has passed fully three years on the southwest coast of Africa, as trader for an English firm, describes the manner in which India-rubber is procured in that country. The natives are in a very rude, uncivilized condition. They have no currency, and do all business by bartering the native products for manufactured stuffs. Their wealth consists chiefly in the number of slaves they possess, who fish, hunt, and keep their plantations in good order. When rubber has to be collected, from four to ten slaves get their flint muskets in order, each carrying in addition, a long, sword-shaped knife, called a machete, a number of calabashes or jars to collect the juice of the rubber vine, and a little food that has been cured in smoke, as they can find plenty of sustenance in the bush without carrying it about with them from place to place.

The vines are in some cases near to the towns, but generally the natives have to go several days' journey into the bush before they can sit down and commence business. The vine itself is of a rough, knotty nature, about as thick as a man's arm, and grows to a length of fully two hundred feet. Its leaves are glossy, like those of the South American rubber-tree, and a large fruit, much liked by the

natives, is gathered from it. It is very palatable, being slightly acid. This vine yields several grades of rubber, each of different commercial value, the best quality being taken from the highest part, and the poorest from the bottom.

With their knives, or machetes, the natives slash the vine in several places, and put broad leaves directly underneath the wounds for the juice to drop on, and which, being of a strong adhesive nature, none of it gets lost. When the top part of the vine is bled, calabashes, or jars, are placed with their openings to the wounds, so that none of it may drop on the branches of the tree, and so get lost; but it is not often they trouble themselves climbing, unless the vines happen to be scarce in the vicinity. The entire day they devote to cutting; next day they gather what was cut the day previous, and so on. Each evening, after collecting, they put all the juice they have into several iron pots, or earthen vessels of native manufacture, and boil it; at the same time they can greatly improve the lowest quality by adding a little salt, and the more they boil the juice the better it becomes. When sufficiently boiled the water is poured off and the juice is allowed to cool, when it is fashioned according to the grade—ball, flake, mixed or tongue—and is ready for the market. In this way about twenty or thirty pounds a day is generally collected. It is then taken to the factory, and there exchanged for guns, cloth, rum, etc. When it is received at the factory it is carefully marked, classed, weighed and put into casks for shipment. It contains so much water that twenty per cent is deducted from the weight of each cask, as that is about the amount of shrinkage on the voyage. This is, however, a loss to the native, as it is deducted from him when selling.

This vine is to be found from Sierra Leone in the north to Yumbebo in the south, but along the coast line is rapidly becoming extinct, as the natives are so careless or rapacious that in many cases they completely sever the vine, thus killing it, instead of simply bleeding it.

## THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

A New Dynamo-Electric Machine, recently brought before the Belgian Academy by M. Pickers, has the peculiarity that a solenoid is substituted for the electromagnet as an organ for excitation of the induction currents, with the advantage of less weight and volume.

At Salzburg, in the Tyrol, some old bricks were found to be magnetic. Experiments on the clays in the neighborhood showed that the bricks, which contain breunnerite, mica-slate, argillaceous iron-garnet, chlorite, and hornblende, became, after intense heating, capable of affecting a magnet.

The Electric Light is being introduced into several famous English mansions. It has already been adopted at Alnwick Castle and at Trentham; the Duke of Portland will soon illuminate Welbeck with it, and the Prince of Wales is said to contemplate its early introduction at Marlborough House.

With Thermometers placed at four feet and at fifty feet above the ground, Mr. George Dines has obtained readings which lead him to believe that the average maximum temperature for every month is always greater and the average minimum lower near the ground than at a considerable elevation.

Balloons have a unique method of taking "soundings" to learn their distance from the earth when traveling in the air at night. A loud shout is given and the seconds are counted until the echo from the ground is heard. From the time required for the return of the sound it is easy to compute the height of the balloon.

From Observations made during many years in Senegal and other intertropical regions in Africa, Dr. A. Corne is inclined to believe that the African blacks are destined in course of time to disappear and be supplanted by the superior race of European immigrants. Beyond the possession of immunity against yellow fever and malaria, he thinks the blacks in every way inferior to the whites.

The Total of Exhibits in the French Salon this year is very large, as the following figures show: Pictures, 2,722; drawings, water-colors and porcelains, 1,328; sculptures, 886; engravings and designs in architecture, 1,730. Besides the Salon exhibition, Paris has now an independent gallery devoted to decorative art, a Salon International, and an exhibition of 150 choice works by Courbet at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts.

Mr. Well has succeeded in depositing a layer of suboxide of copper on any metals or alloys with the same copper bath, an adherent and lustrous layer being obtained. These multi-colored metallic deposits are obtained at will, either united or changeable, according to the manner in which the objects are exposed to the action of the current. The different colors, which are of great solidity, are due to the presence of suboxides of copper, and not to an effect of this crust.

Advices from Soham, Upper Egypt, state that the eclipse of the sun, on May 17th, was successfully observed from that place by English, French and Italian astronomers. A fine comet was discovered close to the sun. Its position was determined by photography. The spectroscopic and ocular observations just before and during the period of totality gave most valuable results, the darkening of the lines observed by the French astronomers indicating a lunar atmosphere. The spectrum of the corona was successfully photographed for the first time.

The New Method of preserving meat by the injection of boracic acid promises to prove entirely successful. At a recent dinner in London, where mutton had been preserved in this way for forty days, boiled and roast joints were served; the meat retained its natural juiciness and flavor, and was free from any taint or taste of the antiseptic chemical which had been used. Five or six ounces of the boracic acid seems to be sufficient to preserve the carcass of a sheep of eighty or ninety pounds. The antiseptic is used by injecting it into a vein while the animal, though stunned by a blow on the head, is still alive, and the action of the heart is relied upon to pump it through every part of the body into which the arterial system ramifies.

### Death-roll of the Week.

MAY 14TH.—At Eureka Springs, Ark., Cadwallader C. Washburn, formerly member of Congress, major-general in the army during the war, and Governor of Wisconsin, aged 64; at Detroit, Mich., General John G. Barnard, who entered the engineer corps of the army in 1853 and became one of its most distinguished members, aged 67; at Austin, Tex., C. M. Dickinson, Associate Justice of the Court of Appeals, at Paris, France, Sir John Rose Cormanck, the celebrated surgeon, May 16th.—At Brooklyn, N.Y., Rev. Abraham S. Francis, a veteran Methodist clergyman, aged 73; at Raleigh, N.C., Basil O. Manly, Mayor of the city and a prominent Confederate officer in the war, aged 43; at Augusta, Ga., William E. Jackson, one of the most prominent business men in the State; at San Francisco, Cal., Dr. H. H. Hubbard, late Surgeon-General of the Confederate Army, May 16th.—At Rochester, N.Y., James Vick, a well-known florist and writer on horticulture, aged 64; at York, Pa., Thomas E. Cochran, ex-Attorney-General; at Turkestan, General Constantin von Kaufmann, a distinguished Russian general, May 17th.—At Watertown, N.Y., Joseph Mullin, formerly member of Congress and Judge of the Supreme Court, aged 71; at Huntsville, Ala., Reuben Chapman, formerly member of Congress and Governor, aged 76; at Paris, France, Theodore F. C. Glandon, a well-known journalist and novelist, May 18th.—At Boonville, N.J., Cummins O. Cooper, formerly member of the Legislature, aged 37, May 19th.—At London, Ont., Rev. Andrew Kennedy, a well-known Presbyterian Minister, aged 93.

## PERSONAL GOSSIP.

PRINCE BISMARCK has been confined to his bed with an attack of neuralgia.

ANNA DICKINSON has given up, for the present at least, the idea of playing in London.

THE President has nominated William A. Maury, of the District of Columbia, as Assistant Attorney-General of the United States.

THE remains of Chief-Justice Chase are to be transferred from Washington to Cincinnati, where a monument is to be raised to his memory.

MRS. BETTY B. BASSETT, of Virginia, who is the owner by inheritance of George Washington's family Bible, wants to sell it to the Government.

THE sum of \$26,000 has been subscribed for the Dean Stanley Memorial in London, including \$3,500 from contributions to the American window.

THE house in Boston which Wendell Phillips has lived in for forty years, and where he hoped to close his life, has been demolished to make way for a new street.

CHRISTINE NILSSON has been engaged to sing in opera at Covent Garden, London, this Summer, and will appear in New York for two months at the opening of next season.

THE Pope's prolonged confinement in the Vatican has told sadly on his health, and his physician has ordered a change of air, but it is feared that he cannot be persuaded to leave.

MR. HENRY JAMES, JR., has for the present abandoned novel-writing for dramatic composition. He has rewritten "Daisy Miller" into a play, and is now occupied on a new drama.

MRS. GARFIELD has contributed \$500, with a promise of as much more, to the fund for building a new edifice for the Christian church in Washington, which her family used to attend.

THE Society of the Army of the Cumberland propose a popular contribution on Decoration Day towards erecting in Washington a statue of the late President Garfield, who was a member of that army.

EX-GOVERNOR D. H. CHAMBERLAIN, of South Carolina, has sailed for Europe, hoping that a year's rest and medical treatment in France will overcome serious nervous troubles which threaten paralysis.

MISS ANNIE LOUISE CARY writes that her present engagements last until June 17th, when she will have sung her last public song, unless she appears at three charity concerts in Maine later in the month.

THE General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, last week elected the following additional bishops: Alpheus W. Wilson, Dr. C. Garberry, Dr. A. G. Haygood, Rev. R. K. Hargrave and Dr. Linus Parker.

MRS. LILLY, the Royal nurse who attended Queen Victoria at the birth of each of her Majesty's nine children, died at Camberwell on April 26th, aged ninety-two years. The Queen sent a wreath to be placed on her grave in Highgate Cemetery.

THE Pennsylvania Supreme Court has sustained the validity of the will of William Cameron, brother of Simon Cameron, which was contested by one of his daughters because it gave nearly all his estate of \$1,500,000 to the other daughter.

THE sum of \$3,542 was last week presented to the wife of Sergeant Mason, which is in addition to \$125 previously collected for her. She will set aside \$1,000 for the exclusive benefit of the baby. She entertains a hope that her husband will be pardoned by the President.

MRS. MARILLA M. RICKER, of Dover, N. H., a wealthy young widow who has for some years lived in Washington, where she has studied law in the office of Mr. A. G. Riddle, has just been admitted to the Bar, and a Senator says that she passed the best examination of the seventeen applicants.

A TRIBUTE to Longfellow comes all the way from Batoum, Russia, whence M. S. Betanoff, Secretary for Foreign Relations at that port, writes to the Secretary of Massachusetts: "I profit by this to unite my own tears to those of your great country on the loss of Henry Longfellow, the great American poet and noble citizen of your great State."

WILLIAM WALTER PHELPS, of New Jersey, and Charles A. Phelps, of Massachusetts, have placed a monument over the grave of their ancestor, John Phelps, at Vevey, Switzerland, where he died in exile. John Phelps was once the private secretary of Oliver Cromwell, and, with Andrew Broughton, was clerk of the court which condemned Charles I.

It is stated that a marriage has been arranged between Princess Beatrice—Queen Victoria's youngest daughter—and Prince Frederick William, eldest son of the Landgrave of Hesse. Princess Beatrice was born April 14th, 1857. Prince Frederick William was born at Copenhagen, October 15th, 1854. He is a lieutenant of the regiment of Royal Prussian Hussars, and of the Russian regiment of Hussars, of Mariampol.

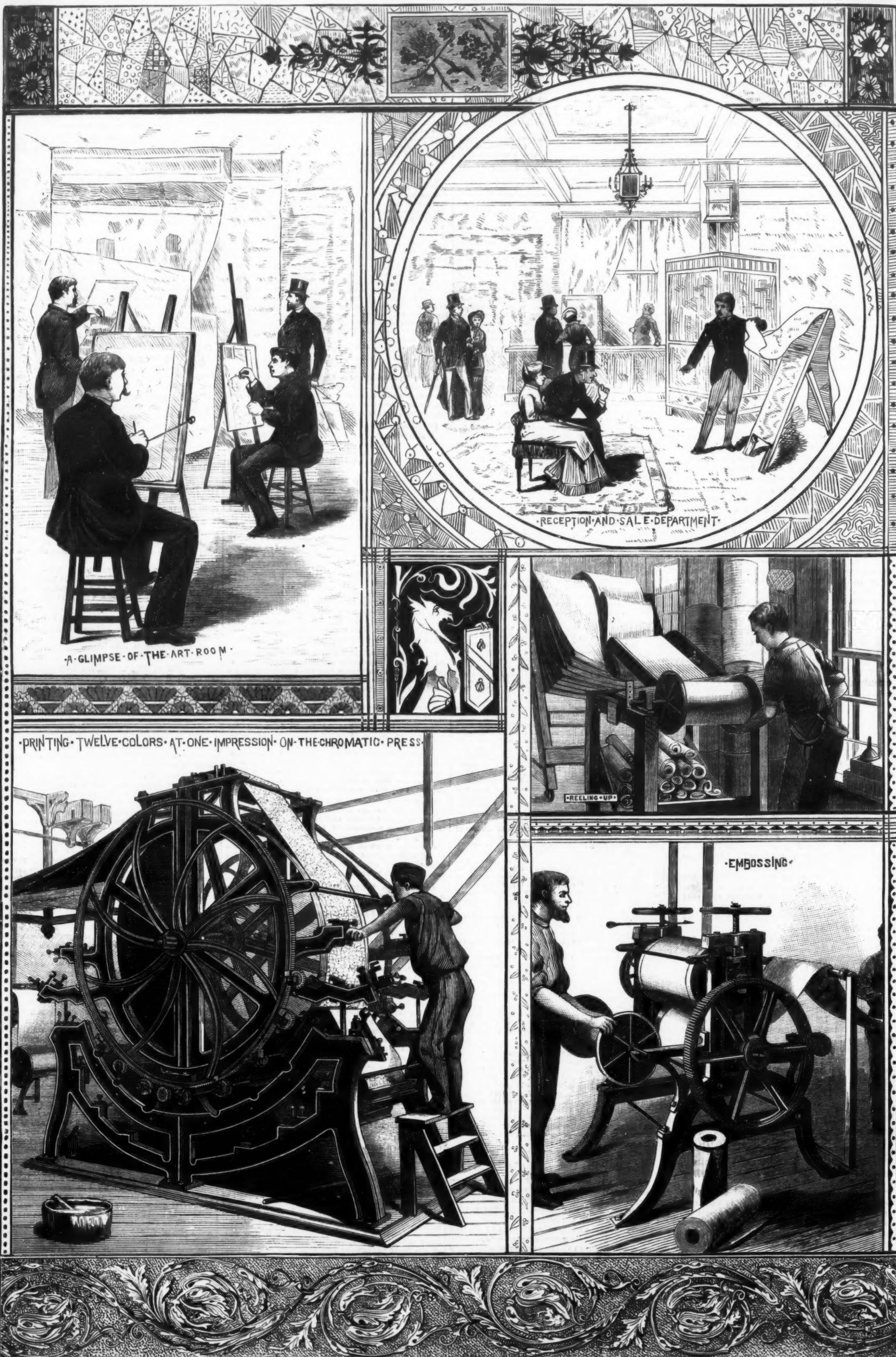
MR. BANCROFT, the historian, has been forty-eight years writing the "History of the United States," and yet it is only brought down to the election of the first President, so careful and painstaking is his work. Like Gibbon, he is said frequently to rewrite whole sections which do not exactly suit him. Though now eighty-two years of age, the venerable historian is still at work, and hopes to bring his history down to the time of the Mexican War.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN, the composer, who has been spending the Winter in Egypt for his health, is back in England, and is so much better that he will preside at the annual dinner of the Royal Musicians. It is said that the new opera which he and Gilbert are writing has for its chief character the Lord Chancellor, who is in love with one of his own wards, and is therefore obliged to act as attorney and judge, and satisfy himself officially that he is personally fitted for his ward's husband.

THE Jews in Bucharest have given a very warm reception to Mr. Laurence Oliphant, who went thither for the furtherance of his scheme to colonize Palestine with Hebrews. He and his wife are surrounded by cheering crowds whenever they show themselves upon the streets and wherever they may go. The wealthiest Hebrews of Bucharest have offered to assist in the work of colonizing Palestine with their poorer coreligionists, and a sum of 60,000 francs for this purpose was subscribed at one meeting, after an address by Mr. Oliphant. The movement is certainly making extraordinary progress and may not be without a profound influence on Oriental affairs.

ONE of the familiar figures of Washington is General Joseph E. Johnston. He is the most military-looking little old fellow that ever was. He has a quick military gait, a smart military mustache, and when Tecumseh Sherman and himself are hobnobbing and laying their heads together over their wine-glasses at dinners and suppers they are perfectly happy. General Sherman thinks General Johnston the greatest living soldier, and General Johnston thinks the same of General Sherman; they are perfectly honest and sincere in their mutual admiration—fighting men usually are—and each in glorifying the other pays a delicate compliment to his own self-love.





DECORATIVE ART IN THE HOMES OF THE PEOPLE—ITS PROGRESS ILLUSTRATED IN THE MANUFACTURE OF WALL-PAPER.  
FROM SKETCHES BY STAFF ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 219.



## REPUBLICAN CANDIDATES IN PENNSYLVANIA.

IN No. 1,382 of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, issued March 18th, we published the portrait of General James A. Beaver, who has since been nominated as the Republican candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania. In the present issue we give the portraits of Hon. William T. Davies, the candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, and Hon. William Henry Rawle, nominated for Judge of the Supreme Court, from recent photographs by Gutekunst.

Mr. Davies, who is now Senator from Bradford County, is a native of Wales, where he was born in 1831. In early life he emigrated to this country, and, after obtaining a rudimentary schooling, entered the Owego Academy, New York, where he was educated. After graduating he read law and was admitted to practice in Bradford County, Pa. During the Civil War he served with distinction in the One Hundred and Forty-first Pennsylvania Regiment. In 1875 he was elected District Attorney for the term of three years, but in 1877 he was chosen Senator for the short term. In 1880 he was re-elected, and entered upon his present four years' term with the beginning of the last session of the Legislature. In the recent political controversies of the State, he has co-operated to some extent with the Independents, but his relations with the Stalwarts do not appear to have been at any time interrupted. He is a man of ability and of irreproachable personal character.

William Henry Rawle, the candidate for Supreme Court Judge, was born in Philadelphia, August 31st, 1823, both his father and grandfather being celebrated lawyers, while on his mother's side he is descended from Edward Tilghman, also a famous lawyer in his day, and from Chief Justice Chew. He is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania of the Class of '41, and was admitted to the Bar in 1844 and has distinguished himself both as a practitioner and as an author on legal subjects, his published works being numerous and valuable. Mr. Rawle has never held any political or judicial office, though he has exerted his personal influence in behalf of reform in political methods, and has been especially outspoken against corruption in municipal affairs in Philadelphia. His nomination seems to have been the outcome of a conviction on the part of the "bosses"



HON. WILLIAM L. DAYTON, U. S. MINISTER TO THE NETHERLANDS.\*  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. G. BEER.

that they could not afford, as to this particular office, to antagonize the better sentiment of the party. Mr. Rawle will bring to the Bench, if elected, high dignity of character, joined with eminent legal ability and a ripe professional experience, which cannot fail to give his services a peculiar value.

HON. WILLIAM L. DAYTON,  
UNITED STATES MINISTER TO THE NETHERLANDS.

HON. WILLIAM L. DAYTON, of New Jersey, recently appointed as United States Minister Resident at The Hague, is a son of William L. Dayton, the first Republican candidate for Vice-President, and once Minister to France. His ancestry is one of the most honorable in American history, Elias Dayton having been an officer of the Revolutionary Army and a member of the Continental Congress, and Jonathan Dayton, a member of the Convention which framed the Federal Constitution, a Representative in and Speaker of the House, and afterwards a member of the United States Senate. The subject of this sketch is some forty-five years of age, a lawyer by profession, and has always been identified with the Republican Party. He is an attractive speaker, has a fine presence, with great dignity of manners, and will prove, undoubtedly, in every way, a creditable representative at the polished Court to which he is accredited. Mr. Dayton having been connected with the Legation in Paris while his father was Minister, is already more or less familiar with the duties of the position he has been called to fill.

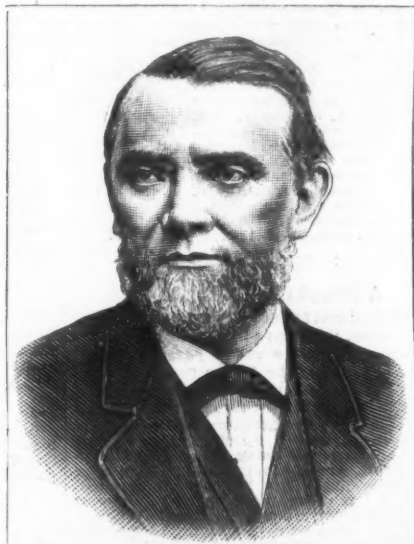
## HOME FOR MALE INEBRIATES.

THE New York Christian Home for Inebriates is one of the most beneficent reformatory institutions in the metropolis. The history of its origin and growth is very interesting. About six years ago Charles A. Bunting was converted under the preaching of the evangelist Moody, and his attention was specially directed to the cases of intemperate men who desired to reform. After much thought upon the subject, he became impressed with the importance of establishing a home where such men could be reclaimed, and in May, 1877, he resolved to see if he could not secure such an institution. He succeeded in interesting such philanthropists as William E. Dodge in the project, and in due time an organization was effected; a house capable of accommodating thirty-five men, and well adapted for the purpose, was secured at a low rent, and on the 7th day of June was opened for guests. The object of the institution was defined to be the reformation of inebriates through the influence of a Christian home. During the first six months ninety-three men were admitted, and the first annual report showed that fifty-six of these had found employment and were doing well. A large proportion of these ninety-three original inmates of the Home are now living sober, Christian lives—united to their families and in prosperous circumstances.

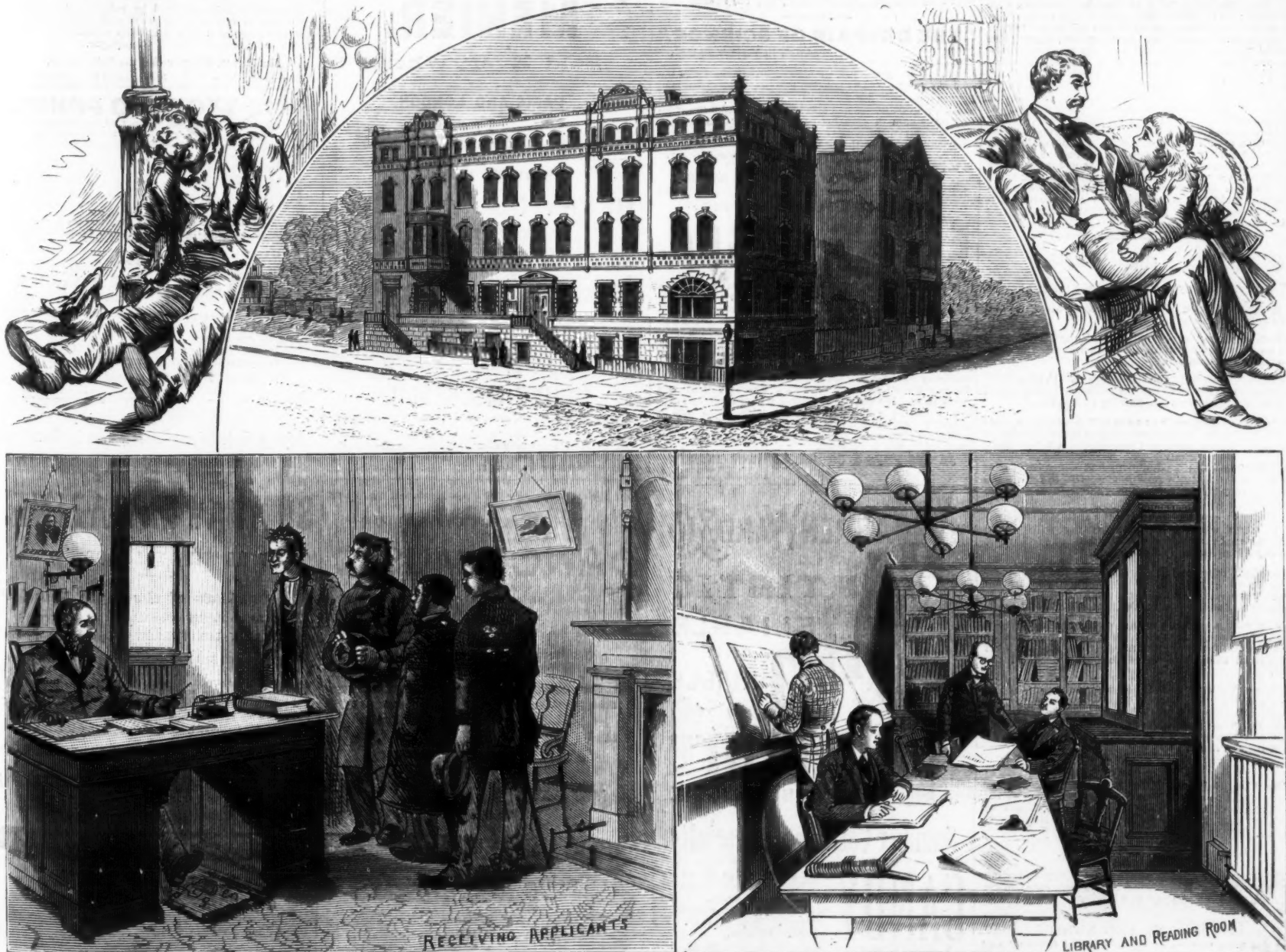
The institution was soon crowded to its fullest capacity, and during the past five years it has cared for over 900 inmates, a large proportion of whom are to-day reunited to their families. The past and present inmates of the Home comprise men of almost every profession and occupation, including actors, army officers, artists, bankers, brokers, civil engineers, clergymen, journalists, lawyers, manufacturers, merchants, musicians, naval officers, physicians and policemen. Of course nearly all classes and conditions of people are represented, from highly educated men and millionaires to poor, ignorant and degraded outcasts; for none who conformed to the rules of the Home were ever turned away. Since its establishment and incorporation in 1877 the Christian Home has annually increased in strength and usefulness, and been accorded the substantial aid of many of our best citizens. As it became evident that more extensive quarters must be secured, a fund was raised for the erection of



PENNSYLVANIA.—WILLIAM H. RAWLE, REPUBLICAN  
CANDIDATE FOR SUPREME COURT JUDGE.



PENNSYLVANIA.—WILLIAM T. DAVIES, REPUBLICAN  
CANDIDATE FOR LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE NEW CHRISTIAN HOME FOR INTEMPERATE MEN, AT MADISON AVENUE AND EIGHTY-SIXTH STREET, OPENED MAY 11TH.  
FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.



A new building. A fine site was selected at the corner of Madison Avenue and Eighty-sixth Street, where a handsome building has been erected, with a frontage on the avenue of one hundred feet and a depth of thirty-eight feet. The building is constructed of Philadelphia pressed brick, with brown-stone trimmings and terra cotta ornamentations, and is four stories in height beside the basement. It is heated throughout with steam, provided with an elevator and finely finished, the total cost of site, building and furniture being over \$100,000. It will accommodate seventy-five inmates, and promises to be well filled.

The new building was formally opened and dedicated on May 11th. A reception was held during the afternoon, which was largely attended, and in the evening interesting dedicatory exercises occurred, addresses being delivered by several prominent clergymen.

#### A Remarkable Family.

THE recent death of ex-Governor Cadwallader C. Washburn, Wisconsin, recalls attention to the remarkable family, of which he was a distinguished member. Israel Washburn, the head of the family, died at the old homestead in Livermore, Maine, in August, 1876, at the venerable age of ninety-one years and ten months. Four of his sons have long been prominent in public affairs, and at one time the unique spectacle was presented of three of these brothers sitting in Congress at the same time as Representatives from three different States. The most prominent of the sons has been the Hon. Elihu B. Washburn—he departed from the usual style of spelling the name—who was a member of Congress from Illinois for sixteen years consecutively, was then appointed Secretary of State by President Grant, and a few days after was made Minister to France, a position which he filled until September, 1877, a period of more than eight years. Another son, the Hon. Israel Washburn, Jr., was a member of the House of Representatives from Maine for twelve consecutive years, and subsequently served as Governor of his native State. General Cadwallader C. Washburn was another son. Still another son, Hon. William D. Washburn, of Minnesota, is now a member of Congress from that State, and has been a prominent candidate for the Senate. Still another, Colonel Charles A. Washburn, of California, has served as Minister to Paraguay, and there are still two other members of this wonderful political family who have remained at home, where they have served in local offices—Algernon S. Washburn and Captain Samuel B. Washburn. Besides the seven sons, the family embraced two daughters, Mrs. Martha Stephenson, of Galena, Illinois, and Mrs. Caroline A. Holmes, of Minneapolis, Minn.

#### A Remarkable Railway.

THE most important feature of the St. Gothard Railway is, of course, the great tunnel over nine miles long, but there are other works only less imposing. Between Lake Zug and the Italian frontier, across the valley of the Reuss and Tessin, the railway, 200 kilometres in length, passes through fifty tunnels of a total length of twenty kilometres, some of them over 2,000 yards in length. Seven of these tunnels have the peculiarity of being spiral in order to avoid the too steep gradients that would have been necessary if the sides of the hill had been graded. After leaving Lake Zug the Gothard line passes towards Schwyz, traversing the gigantic landslide that engulfed Goldau at the beginning of the century, then running beside Lake Lowers, it traverses the town of Schwyz, and touches the lake of the Four Cantons at Brunnen. From Brunnen to Flüelen, at the south end of the lake, a distance of seven and a half miles, nearly half the distance is in tunnel, there being nine on this section, of which the most important are those at Oelberg, Stutzek and Azenberg; the first of these is 6,400 feet long. The line then follows the valley of the Reuss as far as the north entrance of the great tunnel, but it is at Erstfeld, the locomotive depot of the mountain section, six kilometres from Altorf, that the special works begin that give so much originality to this railway. Between Erstfeld and Goschenen there are sixty tunnels, four and a half miles in total length, on a distance of about eighteen miles. Among these are some of the spiral tunnels, before mentioned, and which were rendered necessary by the conformation of the country. In the vicinity of Wassen the line is raised 445 feet by means of three spiral tunnels. To the fifty tunnels must be added a large number of bridges with spans ranging from 80 to 250 feet. On the whole line there are forty-five principal bridges, nine viaducts and seven galleries, covered in for protection against avalanches and inundation.

#### FUN.

THE egotist always has an I for the main chance. It was never one of the mistakes of Moses to call the other man a liar. CALL a young girl a witch and she is pleased; call an elderly woman an old witch and her indignation knows no bounds. NOTWITHSTANDING the Bible says that they neither marry nor are given in marriage there, Shakespeare tells us that "there's husbandry in heaven." WITH good beefsteak at twenty-five or thirty cents a pound, people can almost forgive the followers of Moses for falling down and worshipping a golden calf. A FRIEND of the author who has come in just at the end of the latter's new play—"Oh, my dear fellow! your play was charming, delicious—and so short!" "WOMEN are so contrary," said Mr. Blobs; "I thought when I got married my wife would darn my socks and let me alone; instead of that she lets my socks alone and darns me." THE Gulf Stream is said to be moving gradually away from our coast. Considering the kind of weather we have had of late, the Gulf Stream is to be congratulated upon this exhibition of good taste. IT is now announced that coffee-grounds are a great fertilizer, but hotel-keepers are informed in the same breath that they must not be steeped over more than three times before being used on the land. A HORNET'S-NEST is said to be the best polisher in the world for glass lenses. But you want to do your polishing when the hornet is not around to help you. For what shall it profit a man if he polish a thousand glass lenses in one day, and one hornet catch him at it?

The "Longfellow Jug," combining the words and portrait of the great poet, is delivered, free of express charges, at any place in the United States, by RICHARD BRIGGS, of Boston. The price is only five dollars.

#### "ROUGH ON RATS."

THE thing desired found at last. Ask druggists for "ROUGH ON RATS." It clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, bedbugs. 15c. boxes.

#### PHYSICIANS AND NURSES

ARE the best judges of the quality of infants' and invalids' food, but both pronounce ANGLO-SWISS MILK-FOOD far the best.

#### "Use Rodding's Russia Salve."

#### HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE A NECESSITY.

DR. C. O. FILES, Portland, Me., says: "Of all the samples of medicine sent me during the past dozen years, it is the only one I have ever found which has become a necessity in my own household."

EDWARD KELLY, a Pennsylvania minister, has eloped with Miss Carrie Moore, a school-teacher. His wife and children were left behind. It was as much as he could do to carry off the schoolma'am. His wife did not ask him to Carrie Moore.

#### IMPORTANT TRADEMARK CASES IN SAN FRANCISCO.

TWO SUITS, brought by MESSRS. DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS as sole manufacturers of the celebrated ANGSTURA BITTERS, against E. G. Lyons & Co. (manufacturers) and Wolf & Rheinhold (importers), in the Superior Court of San Francisco, to enjoin the defendants from manufacturing or selling an article purporting to be "Angstura Bitters," have been finally decided in the Messrs. Siegert's favor by the granting of perpetual injunctions. The above-mentioned injunctions are in harmony with the judgments rendered in the cases *vs. Wiedenburg*, in London, England; *vs. Meinhard et al.*, in Philadelphia; *vs. Theller*, in New York; and other cases over all the United States and Canada; the fact being that the Messrs. Siegert's trademark rights have invariably been sustained by the courts wherever tested; while still other suits are pending against unscrupulous persons who persist in the use of the words "Angstura Bitters," to palm off on the public, under that name, spurious compounds, which are all more or less injurious to health, and which, of course, injure the reputation of the genuine article if the fraud is not exposed without much delay.

AN old lady writes us: "I am sixty-five years old, and was feeble and nervous all the time, when I bought a bottle of PARKER'S GINGER TONIC. I have used little more than one bottle, and feel as well as at thirty, and am sure that hundreds need just such a medicine. See advertisement."

ATTENTION is called to the advertisement of the INFALLIBLE COIN SCALE CO. on the last page. The value of the instrument is attested by a letter published in a circular from Thomas L. James, as Postmaster, and United States Treasurer Gilliland certifies that he has tested it and also found it exceedingly convenient.

IF you suffer from looseness of the bowels, ANGSTURA BITTERS will surely cure you. Beware of counterfeits, and ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, prepared by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

MANY lose their beauty from the hair falling or fading. PARKER'S HAIR BALM supplies necessary nourishment, prevents falling and grayness, and is an elegant dressing.

ATLANTA, GA., Dec. 24th, 1881.

H. W. Johns Mfg. Co., 87 Maiden Lane, New York. DEAR SIR: The warehouse (300x300) in Columbus, Ga., covered with your roofing, ordered by Col. W. L. Salisbury, some ten years ago, is now apparently as good as new.

Yours, truly, J. T. WARNOCK, M.D.

#### FLAVORING EXTRACTS.

THURBER'S EXTRACTS are strictly pure and delicate flavors, all fresh from the source of supply. Our Vanilla the prince of flavors.

HALFORD SAUCE, the best and cheapest relish; sold only in bottle, unrivaled by any for family use.

#### "THE DESPAIR OF SCIENCE."

ALTON, N. Y., Nov. 3, 1881. WILCOX CHEMICAL PREPARATION CO.: Gentlemen—Allow me to congratulate you upon the success of "Neuro-Pilene." For years the removal of superfluous hair has seemed the despair of science, and unhappy womanhood has pleaded at the feet of the medical profession in vain for relief. Acids, caustics, and finally electricity were prescribed, but all to no purpose. Well and truly has the problem been solved; and that you may long enjoy the prosperity you so richly deserve is the wish of Your emancipated MRS. E. SACKETT.

#### GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

### EPPS'S COCOA.

#### BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette*. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold in tins only (½ lb. and 1 lb.) labeled.

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ARTISTIC  
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RELIABLE  
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DURABLE  
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**CANDY**  
Send \$1, \$2, \$3 or \$5 for a retail box by express of the best candies in the world. Put up in handsome boxes suitable for presents. Strictly pure. Try it once. Address, C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, 78 Madison St., Chicago.

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"If you are suffering from poor health or languishing on a bed of sickness, take cheer, for

**Hop Bitters will Cure you.**

"If you are simply ailing, if you feel weak and dispirited, without clearly knowing why,

**Hop Bitters will Revive you.**

"If you are a Minister, and have overtaxed yourself with your pastoral duties, or a Mother, worn out with care and work,

**Hop Bitters will Restore you.**

"If you are a man of business or laborer weakened by the strain of your every-day duties, or a man of letters, tiring over your midnight work,

**Hop Bitters will Strengthen you.**

"If you are suffering from over-eating or drinking, any indiscretion or dissipation, or are young and growing too fast, as is often the case,

**Hop Bitters will Relieve you.**

"If you are in the workshop, on the farm, at the desk, anywhere, and feel that your system needs cleansing, toning or stimulating, without intoxicating,

**Hop Bitters is what you Need.**

"If you are old, and your blood thin and impure, pulse feeble, your nerves unsteady, and your faculties waning,

**Hop Bitters will give you New Life and Vigor.**

"HOP BITTERS is an elegant, healthy and refreshing flavoring for sick-room drinks, impure water, etc., rendering them harmless, and sweetening the mouth, and cleansing the stomach."

**THE ONLY PERFECT SEWING MACHINE.**  
SIMPLEST, LATEST IMPROVED.  
MOST DURABLE & BEST.  
NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO.  
30 UNION SQUARE, N. Y. CHICAGO, ILL.  
ORANGE MASS. OR ATLANTA, GA.

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Ten Miles North of Saratoga.

Connected by the most elegantly equipped pleasure road in the U. S. Trains every hour. Fine camping grounds. Address, MOUNT MCGREGOR IMPROVEMENT CO., (Limited), Saratoga Springs, N. Y. Season, July 1st.

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OF NEW AND POPULAR

**DANCE MUSIC**

Containing 250 pages elegantly printed Music for the Piano, being a Companion to our famous Song Collections; containing Quadrilles, Waltzes, Polkas, Schottisches, Galops, etc., by the most eminent composers of Europe and America. Mailed on receipt of price, and to be had of Booksellers and Music Stores. Address, HITCHCOCK'S MUSIC STORE, Sun Building, 166 Nassau St., New York.

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THE OLDEST AND BEST OF ALL  
STOMACH BITTERS,  
AND  
AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE.  
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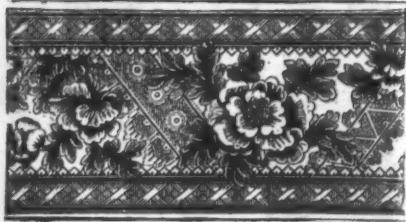






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